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A WORLD OF WONDERS.

P. 14

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Published by Robert S. Davis

BOSTON

A

WORLD OF WONDERS;

OR

DIVERS DEVELOPMENTS,

SHOWING THE

THOROUGH TRIUMPH

OF

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

IN

NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE

POWER OF PREVISION

IN

MRS. MATILDA FOX,

AND THE

POINT OF THE PENCIL,

BY

D. C. JOHNSTON.

BY JOEL R. PEABODY, M. B.
Fellow of the College of 'Pothecaries.

"Wise men suffer, good men grieve,
Knaves invent, and fools believe;
Help us, ye Powers! send aid unto us,
Or knaves and fools will quite undo us."

Third Edition.

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Robert S. Davis,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Those already believing in the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, of which this production expressly treats, will have no occasion for reading it to confirm their faith. Persons not open to conviction, can derive no benefit from the developments which characterize the memoir.

It is ardently desired that Col. Stone, of New-York, will not prefix notes, or add an appendix to any of

the numerous editions through which this volume is predestined to run; and lastly, the author presents his best respects to the fraternity of poets, humbly beseeching them not to make a theatrical spectacle of his scientific efforts, till after the termination of the Seminole War.

JOEL R. PEABODY.

Boston, February, 1838.

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CHAPTER I.

MISCELLANEOUS DEVELOPMENTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the contradictory statements of physicians in relation to the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, and in the face of that most potent of all engines, the ridicule and misrepresentations of its foes, the writer of the following pages has felt it his duty to present the community the results of his own observations in this splendid field of philosophy, with a hope that candid inquirers, solicitous for the progress of truth, will give him an impartial reading.

For more than a year after Mons. Poyen had began to excite the public attention by his lectures, I had so little confidence in the pretentions of magnetizers, that I scarcely read a paragraph of all that was reported of his extraordinary powers in this newly-discovered domain. Indeed, the innumerable and surprising exhibitions

in Europe, as well as in New England, since the revivification of Animal Magnetism from the profound slumber into which it was thrown by our countryman, Dr. Franklin, and his learned associates of France, did not even begin to interest me; nor, in fact, had I any confidence in the various reports, till an accidental circumstance, in itself, not very important, completely changed my views. If I was at one time a decided, uncompromising sceptic, the change wrought on my mind to make me a believer, nay, a warm disciple and a magnetizer, was a slow process.

After having had many personal interviews with the magnetizers of Rhode Island, I am fully persuaded of their honest endeavors to promote the cause of philanthropy as well as science; yet I have not been influenced to receive anything on hearsay; on the contrary, alone, as it were, unaided by the experience of others, and solely intent on the momentous question, *Is there any deception or not, in all this?*—The results of my inquiry are now given to the world.

Surely, no person of common honesty could peruse Dr. Belden's narrative of Jane C. Rider, and discredit it. Nor is it possible to be in company with Miss Bracket, and not at once discover that she is an abused, injured woman. Her

powers are of a marvellous character, and because they are so, and but a few or no cases on record are precisely like it, the whole country, forsooth, joins in the persecution, and pronounce her an impostor.

Again,—The lady in Stanstead, Lower Canada, whose faculty of seeing through opaque bodies, however dense or thick, was at first disputed, but was ultimately completely established.*

As before remarked, I have been alone in my investigations, so far as it regards the presence of those prepared, by their education and science, to analyze the subject. For a long time I have carefully watched, and patiently listened to the accounts of others; still, had not my own eyes, and my own individual understanding been perfectly satisfied, I should not have ventured upon the hazardous enterprise of appearing in the character of an author. I neither court no-

* Perhaps the reader is not aware that this case quite surpassed the somnambulists of Providence. None of those can perceive objects beyond the ordinary compass of human vision, unless the soul leaves the body with one of the five senses in train, viz. the eye-sight. Mrs. Carr, on the other hand, remained, both body and spirit, on terra firma,—being abundantly able to see at all distances, and through all bodies, however compact, thick, dark or obscurely located.

toriety in this way, nor am I afraid to relate what is true, because it is a novelty.

I am well aware of the gross impositions which have of late been practised by unprincipled adventurers,* with the expectation of realizing a profit in wholesaling falsehood. We are not to give credit to all the extravagant declarations of somnambulists, whose revelations are nothing more than the workings of a vivid imagination.

Many who have been operated upon by honest, scientific magnetizers, have been, to a certain extent, self-deceived. Such, however, is the constitution of the mind, that, under novel modes

* Perhaps all my readers have not heard that a fellow by the name of Durant, a rope-maker, of Jersey city, has attempted to blast the untainted reputation of several excellent ladies, by trying to make out that they were magnetic impostors. He is not to be credited on a single point. About the year 1830, this same popinjay made a ridiculous show of himself in an air-balloon, in which he ascended from Boston common, in the presence of more than fifty boys and loafers. The voyage terminated at sea, some where near Portland, where he was found up to his knees in water. It was fully understood, by those who knew him best, that the great height to which he was elevated by a bag of wind, something over ten rods, perpendicular altitude, made him giddy, and he fell out of the basket upon his head, which, being cracked before, was quite ruined, as his late publication shows, by the fall.

of excitement, the imagination oversteps the boundaries of sober reason, and, in the wildness of unrestrained fancy, verily conceives the creations of its own vagaries to be solid fabrics of reality.* In my intercourse with those susceptible to the magnetic touch, I have found some who were affected in one way, and others in another; but there has been a uniformity, in certain respects, in the phenomena.

Being in Boston, in July last, on business which obliged me to remain over six weeks, to dance attendance on a court of law, through the instrumentality of a few friends, who were disposed to make the time pass as pleasantly with me as the circumstance of being at the mercy of a party of Boston lawyers would admit, —the veriest sharks on the continent,—I cultivated an agreeable acquaintance with many of the most eminent physicians of the city.

In the course of occasional conversation at

* Some beautiful thoughts upon nothing at all, supposed, by their author, to be deeply metaphysical, may be seen in Dr. B———'s latest miscarriage,—The Influence of Religion, &c. For the profundity of his ignorance, in anatomy, a School of Medicine have given him a place in the conclave of jackasses, called, by way of eminence, Faculty.

the house of Dr. B., distinguished for his advanced standing in the profession, though modest and retiring as a child, we spoke of Animal Magnetism, then exceedingly rife; and, as on all former occasions, I at once made myself quite merry with all its advocates. For the first time, to my extreme mortification, I had stepped upon forbidden ground; the Dr. answering me with a singular air of gravity, that it was too late in the day to offer opposition to the progress of a well-established science.* He had not only been in close correspondence with Mons. Poyen, but had subscribed for the Nantucket Requirer, under the editorial charge of the Hon. Mr. Jeks, which he considered to be the only independent paper in America. He, the Hon. Mr. Jeks, was a firm supporter of the cause, and a man compe-

* Dr. B. exercises the same talismanic influence over his patients that he maintains over the juniors of the profession. The acuteness of his pathological acquirements have long been the admiration of the better classes of society. It was this gentleman who discovered a tape-worm in an alderman's leg. In his youth, he commenced the practice of medicine in the metropolis of New England, under every species of discouragement, but finally tri umphed over them all. To his genius are farriers indebted for the beautiful idea of docking colts in utero, so that, *post partem*, they will ever make an admirable appearance.

tent to fathom the whole arcanum of the learned.

Since then, I have looked into the merits of the Nantucket paper, and am happy to find it all my friend had the independence to represent. While the Boston presses, to a fault, were either silent, when the very atmosphere carried the intelligence, or disposed to cast a halo of ridicule around those devoted to philosophical speculations, involving the truth or falsity of Animal Magnetism, the Nantucket people manifested the noblest ardor in the cause of truth and humanity, by giving their entire patronage to the Requirer—which never would have been done with such unparalleled unanimity, had the erudite editor shown the least unwillingness to sustain the dignity of the Island in this particular.*

* Mr. Jeks is an uncommonly laborious scholar. It is rising of sixty years since he first became extensively known throughout the United States by a masterly treatise on whale-oil, in which he humanely proposed to take those mighty animals by bowlings—or, a slip-noose over their tails, instead of cruelly butchering them with harpoons. When brought along-side, the sperm was to be drawn from the skull through their ears, by an air-pump. Being exceedingly corpulent, but restrained from taking as much exercise as a due performance of his bodily func-

Through the instrumentality of Dr. B., I was brought in contact with other professional gentlemen of the city, who, as a general rule, were disposed to look favorably upon the all-engrossing topic. Among others, Dr. E. was not the least conspicuous. He had not only had several patients who were natural somnambulists, but he had ascertained that he could actually produce the somnambulic slumber. A reference was made to some half dozen families in which he practised, for evidence of his success. This was not all,—I was invited, to my great delight, to witness, in personæ, an exhibition of his controlling power over the senses of others.*

By an express invitation, on a sunny afternoon near the first of August, accompanied by Dr. B., I called on a fashionable family, in a fashionable section of the city, to have an introduction to a

tions require, he has resorted, within the last year, to playing a hurdy-gurdy, on which he is without a rival. *Vide*,—his proposals for publishing monthly, by subscription, the *Psychodinamist*, or the Bulletin of Animal Magnetism in America.

* No one would ever suspect that this accomplished physician could be duped; he is too well guarded by the natural endowments, vulgarly called mother-wit. The story told at his expense, how he purchased a horse with a wooden tail, is not true.

Mrs, Matilda Fox, who was reported to possess *second sight*—or faculty of exercising a telescopic vision.

The Scotch notion, that a person having the gift of second sight can foretel events, as they are predestined to occur from the beginning of time, belongs only to the lower orders. Intelligent, reflecting persons, in that country, entertain no such opinions; but, that the individual so blessed can embrace an unlimited field of vision with his natural eyes, has never been questioned.

I have come to the conclusion that *second sight* and Animal Magnetism are essentially the same, because the phenomena are precisely of the same character. There is also a disease known by the term *catalepsy*, which completely prostrates the muscular system, the will not being able to exercise the slightest influence over the nerves of volition while the paroxysm continues. During a continuance of a fit, a fact familiar to every practitioner of medicine, the mind roams, as it were, with unrestrained freedom, apparently disembodied. Now the phenomena in these instances are exactly like those in the other cases.

Dr. B. was quite happy in making all at ease

with each other, which gave me an opportunity of saying that curiosity had prompted me to seek the interview. In doing it, however, I had not the slightest confidence in the stories related to me of her prevision.

It is unnecessary to advert to the various topics of conversation discoursed upon, from one period to another, while my intercourse continued with Mrs. Fox's polite and agreeable family circle. My obligations are acknowledged for the hundredth time.

A history of the discovery of the miraculous endowment of clairvoyance in this city, is substantially as follows :—

Some time in March last, the discovery was first made, and in this accidental manner. As Mrs. Fox was resting herself in an easy posture, in a stuffed rocking-chair, at the close of a long evening, a favorite cat, which has long been a family pet, luxuriating, whenever she chose, on the parlor-rug, sprang into the lap of her mistress, as she had frequently done before,—but as she never had, till then,—after adjusting herself, commenced licking Mrs. Fox's neck, just over the larynx, that protuberance in front of the throat, known, in anatomical works, as the *pomum adami*. Now the larynx is that natural en-

largement or vocal box in which those cords vibrate that produce voice. As the cat was not particularly interrupted, and the sensation being somewhat agreeable, Mrs. Fox was gradually but positively and completely bereft of the power of volition in the short period of a few minutes. When she essayed to raise one of her hands to thrust the cat away, she was utterly unable to accomplish it. Her mind was intensely vigorous, and she was perfectly conscious of every transaction in the room. In this condition she continued sitting full two hours, apparently all the while in a deep sleep. No one thought of awaking her, though seven persons were seated round a centre table, because it was thought by her daughters that she was uncommonly fatigued. I must be allowed to digress a little here, in order to portray the character of this excellent woman.

Mrs. Fox is a lady of cultivated mind, and has always enjoyed the enviable reputation of being both judicious and perfectly consistent in all the various relations of life. From childhood she was strictly educated conformably to the requisitions of a rigid system of religious faith: in fact, she belongs to the Orthodox profession. When my acquaintance commenced with this lady, who is destined to fill no small space in the pub-

lic eye, through future ages, she had passed the forty-seventh year of her age. A fine family of three daughters and two sons, besides her husband, Amasa A. Fox, Esq.,* with the exception of a retinue of servants, constituted the household.

Devoted to the exercise of the domestic duties, living by themselves, within themselves, yet known for their liberality and benevolent exertions in all philanthropic movements for meliorating the condition of the poor, the distressed or the needy, they would not have been known as they must now necessarily be, to the world, had it not have been for the simple circumstance of the

*Amasa A. Fox, referred to by permission, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., but in early life became clerk to a grocer in Green Street. From small means, he has truly been the architect of his fame and fortune. For many years in succession, the enterprise he displayed in manufacturing lamp-black, will be remembered in Lynn with heart-felt gratitude. Subsequently, he became a candidate for a standing committee-man, to regulate a city which he had contributed to raise to its present rank and independence. A deputation of shoe-makers presented him an enormous boot, filled with a kind of buttery soup, quaintly enough called, in New Hampshire, *Stewed Quaker*. The boot is still kept as a mammoth trophy, in South Market Street.

cat. Mr. Fox has an easy fortune, though he still conducts an extensive maritime trade in the Mediterranean.

Nothing, therefore, is more certain than this,—that nothing could be gained by practising a deception of any kind. Certainly, for a mother, of all beings, to deliberately impose upon her own children, without the slightest advantage accruing from the deceit, is without a precedent.

These are preliminaries which I am solicitous to have clearly understood, because the credibility of Mrs. Fox must entirely outweigh any slanderous imputations which hereafter might be suggested, and, also, give a greater degree of character to the facts and observations she has collected in illustration of very many obscure points in geology, meteorology, physics, and astronomy.

But to return. Although the exciting cause of this singular soporific condition of the voluntary muscles was removed, the cat having quietly gone also to sleep on her knee, the active mind of Mrs. Fox was still maintained in a most unaccountable state of exaltation, as agreeable as it was strange.

As before observed, though totally unable, by an act of the sensorium, to move a limb,—being

actually in a cataleptic fit, her thoughts were to an extraordinary degree active. Instead of simply contemplating the company present, as would seem to have been more natural, she was struck with the new fact, that there were no appreciable limitations to her extent of vision. Whatever she thought of, if it had a tangible existence, why it was instantly seen, not circumscribed in outline and compressed to the dimensions of the parlor, but the proportions were correct. She compared it to a panoramic view; all was fresh, vivid, animated. For example:—She has a brother to whom she is tenderly attached, devoted to the hazardous employment of the seal fishery, whose long absence from port, more than seven months beyond the anticipated termination of the voyage, was a frequent topic of conversation. During the continuance of the catalepsy, the mind happened to revert to him; when lo! she saw Captain Swain walking the deck of a low, long black brig.* She was completely overjoyed at the sight, for she seemed to be by his side, and in an extacy of surprise, asked him how he did? This sleep-talking aroused Mr. Fox and the daughters, one of whom jocose-

* No sensible person supposes this to be the same vessel seen by the Philadelphia pilots.

ly remarking that "mother was dreaming audibly." Captain Swain had on slippers, was smoking—and followed to and fro by a shaggy dog, adorned with a brass collar, bearing the engraved letters, R. S. She saw the initials distinctly; and that such a dog, having a collar of that description was on board the vesssel in a well-remembered latitude and longitude, has been satisfactorily proved by the log-book. When this marvel was related, the identical brass collar was brought to me for examination.

Surely, there was neither deception or collusion in the matter. It was distinct vision, requiring no more effort than any individual ordinarily makes in contemplating any scene within the compass of ordinary vision.

Whilst thus apparently following her brother in his movements on deck, she bethought herself that it would be pleasant to take a peep into the cabin. She there saw a young negress, perhaps fifteen years of age, mending a pea-jacket, upon which she fastened on three white bone buttons.*

* Nothing gives more general satisfaction to an inquiring mind, than knowing every minute circumstance. Mrs. C—— is a model in that respect, *vide* the Oasis, or Autobiography of eminent Negroes. The Frugal Housewife is another masterly undertaking, in which items are

All this did not in the least perturbate Mrs. Fox, for it seemed to her that she was verily present. The coat, buttons and all, are now in the family keeping. On the day and hour these discoveries were made, the vessel was rising of one thousand miles from land.

Contrary to my first intentions, not to make frequent digressions, I am prompted to throw in a few physiological speculations, for such they may perhaps be considered, though I cannot question the approach of a day when these paradoxical phenomena, these unaccountables in the labyrinth of philosophy, will all be explained upon perfectly lucid, intelligible principles.*

swollen into astounding facts in domestic economy. This lady was the discoverer of a new system of boarding-house tactics, called Staying and Starving.

* Speaking of digressions, brings to recollection the recent colloquial style of conversation in which the parties neither look each other in the face, nor oftener than is particularly required by the code civil, keep to the subject of conversation more than seven seconds. Frequent skips from one topic to another, shows a general acquaintance with the world. Fine specimens of conversation are common in the New-Haven oyster cellars, supposed to have been introduced there by under-graduates, who must have acquired the elements of good breeding from the college faculty, the highest tribunal of propriety in Connecticut.

Finally, one of the daughters intimated that their mother might be suffering from night-mare. Upon this, another stepped up to the chair and gently began to pat Mrs. Fox on one cheek. This changed the order of her sensations, and she at once awoke, conscious as we all are of our relations to things when suddenly roused from a lethargic sleep.

As soon as Mrs. Fox could, she related the substance of the foregoing account, averring that it was not a dream, but a reality; but this only provoked a shout of merry laughter, particularly when Mr. Fox, after his dry manner, said it was a cheap mode of journeying. In describing the thrilling sensation imparted to the entire frame by the cat's tongue, it struck the young ladies as incredible, and by way of experiment, they proposed that the cat should exert her magical influences again, that the question might be settled, whether the efforts of the imagination or feline potency had, presto, imparted clairvoyancy to their mother. *

* It must be kept in mind that Mrs. Fox had been thrown into an artificial cataleptic fit. Catalepsy is a Latin word, derived from the English proper name, *cat*. Nothing is more common now-a-days with scholars than to Latinize our vernacular. This is very elegant, and shows well for our literature abroad.

Well, with regard to the digression, it is familiar to anatomists, that, on either side of the larynx, are several extremely delicately-organized nerves, having their origin in the brain, the centre of the nervous system, about which phrenologists know but little, though pretending to much. These thread-like nerves traverse down the neck to be widely distributed over the thoracic and abdominal organs; such as the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, spleen, and other viscera in those vitalized regions. Of these, the par vagum and sympathetic are quite interesting in a physiological view, on account of their extensive distribution and the chain of sympathies maintained throughout the domain of the body by their continually subdividing filaments.

Nearly opposite the vocal box, of itself a splendidly-constructed instrument, independently of its peculiar function of producing sound, there is an enlargement of the sympathetic nerves on the two sides; a sort of bulging into a fleshy kind of pad; above and below, the main shaft of the nerve is of a firm texture and of a silvery whiteness. These enlargements are technically called ganglia. In fact, similar increases of volume in the smaller order of nerves are discoverable in the chest, in the lumbar cavities, the ax-

illa, &c., and fulfil, it is safely conjectured, the office of vital centres. In the worms, there are no other brains than these, spread along the line of the back, showing an elementary advance towards the perfect brain of man. At the several locations of these ganglia or cerebral centres, we are to seek for certain effects on the body and mind, through their instrumentality, as external impressions are modified by their agency almost indefinitely, when a person has been subjected to unusual excitement.

Over the cervical ganglions, I am persuaded that the tongue of the cat was drawn, the effect being like other tittilations, to produce a condition of the nervous fluid, somwhat inexplicable further, than the production of certain phenomena, imperfectly analyzed. An exaltation of the nervous tissues,* to their highest supportable bearing, immediately ensued.

* I have had my doubts about the scientific propriety of this word. However, there are hundreds of examples which might be cited by our best writers, showing that the more obscure they are, the better they are received by the reader. When that soft poet, Park, takes a harlequin leap into upper air, periodically, nobody but himself knows a word of his splendid diction. In rhyming, the ne plus ultra of modern Cologne water genius,

CHAPTER II.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENT.

The events of the evening led to a learned discussion upon the cause of Mrs. Fox's late singular feelings. On the following morning, Dr. B. being in the neighborhood of Chesnut street, his opinion was asked of the producing cause of it. He is too wise to commit himself, and therefore asked permission to reflect an hour or two. In the mean time we accidentally met at Ticknor's bookstore, where crowds of idlers

the incomprehensibleness of the man is charming in the poet. Behold the second killing edition of the song of the Gipsy; it is admirable:—

> "Thy slender waist, thy tuneful eye,
> Inflames, consumes—my *amphrototomy*."

Save us, ye destinies, from an avalanche of Greek Lexicons.

are permitted to lounge over the rarest productions in all languages, through the indomitable good-nature of the proprietor. Calling me aside, in that non-committal undertone for which he is distinguished, he gave a succinct history of a rare case of catalepsy, scientifically barricaded with provisos, that if it would be gratifying to me, &c., although it was not customary to make exhibitions of his patients, at three in the afternoon, it would afford him much pleasure to take me to the residence of Mr. Fox.

Punctually at the hour, we met in Chesnut street. The affair being talked over and over, Mrs. Fox seated herself as before, and the old cat was introduced to the company to repeat her former operation. Her nose was repeatedly placed in contact with the surface which was at first stimulated; but she manifested no sort of disposition to lick the ganglion. This ill success called into action the inventive faculty of Mr. Fox, who suggested the idea of basting his wife's neck with butter. Nothing could have been more apropos; puss instinctively availed herself of the use of her tongue to gather up the sapid coating. The act threw Mrs. Fox immediately into a delirium of pleasure, followed by a cataleptic

rigidity of the muscles, the will wholly losing its control over the apparatus of voluntary motion.

Dr. B. declared that this was nothing more nor less than Animal Magnetism, because she did not suffer: her countenance was expressive of perfect delight. Full an hour elapsed before efforts were made to awaken her. Various schemes were suggested to bring her to herself again, but serious apprehensions then began to take the place of curiosity, lest a genuine lethargy had fastened itself upon the obliging lady. Water sprinkled over the face, the application of hartshorn, rubbing the limbs and chafing the temples, seemed to avail nothing, so profoundly were her senses locked up by Morpheus. Nor was Mrs. Fox at all moved by loud and repeated calls, close to the ear. Never had the family felt themselves more sensibly afflicted; accusing themselves of influencing their mother to become a victim of an unwarrantable experiment. Both myself and Dr. B. exhausted ourselves in the exertions made in connexion with Mr. Fox and his daughters to awaken her. Miss Matilda Fox, in the midst of this dilemma, happened to pass one hand over her mother's face in the act of untying a cap-ribbon, when, to the unspeakable delight and re-

lief too of us all, she recovered the ability to move and speak.

Question upon question was eagerly pressed, each one being anxious to know how she felt, what her dreams had been, whether she had been exercised by pain ; and lastly, had she been conscious of what had been passing, &c., infinitely faster than they could be conveniently answered. When their anxieties were quieted, they were assured that the state that she had been thrown into by the cat-necromancer, was perfect enjoyment; it was indescribably pleasurable,* nor could she very well resist the disposition to tell what she had seen in her visions, if supernatural they were.

To know all, with scarcely patience to wait till her thoughts were sufficiently collected, Mrs. Fox related what, before we fathomed the phenomena, almost seemed the visitations of a distempered brain.

In the first instance, as in subsequent experi-

* All those ladies who are susceptible of the magnetic touch refer to the same exquisite train of sensations. Miss Gleason, whose ardor and philanthropy induced her to leave a Fall River factory to be illustrated upon by the great Dr. Poyen, uniformly melts before that gentleman's manipulations, like an iceberg in a tropical sun.

ments, the sensation of physical pleasure radiated instantaneously from the throat; and the next feeling was this, viz.—that she was rapidly, though gently, conveyed through the air; the impelling force never ceased acting, till the mind became fixed on some one object, as a tree, a house, or even a territory, when she instantly felt herself at rest.*

An inquiry was now fairly instituted, and although it was unconnected with a systematic plan of investigation, enough had been developed to show that the vast domain of nature might be inspected through the instrumentality of Mrs. Fox's peculiar organization, provided that a mode of managing it could be ascertained. By this declaration the reader will perceive that

* Miss Brackett, the Providence somnambulist, gives a similar account of her aërial perigrinations. For a young beginner, her explorations are calculated to produce a striking revolution in astronomical science, by putting to rest that mooted point about the globular figure of the earth, which is glory enough for a female. She has over and again convinced the President and professors of the University, that Venus is a parallelopiped, which the freshmen are obliged to swear to, as an article of faith on entering college. Sophomores, by a late ordinance, are at liberty to call on the lady twice a month, for further information.

I now began to believe in Animal Magnetism, and yet I hardly know why.

On after reflection, we were surprised at the manner in which Mrs. Fox had been roused from the paroxysms ; for it was recollected that a transverse motion of Miss Matilda's hand over her mother's face had twice broken the spell. Two facts, at all events, were thus established, viz. that Mrs. Fox could be made to slumber, even without her free concurrence ; and, secondly, that she could be awakened from that artificial sleep by gently carrying the fingers across her face, on the plane of the orbits.*

Such is the nature of man, in stumbling upon a discovery like this, involving something of the

* Every writer on the science of Animal Magnetism, gives precise rules for making the transverse passes. Operators all over the country are familiar with the mode of drawing out the magnetic fluid by transverse sweeps of the hands across the face. I recommend to new beginners to shake the fingers smartly, as they would to throw water-drops from the hand, by a sudden jerk, as they leave the face. Something of this sort is obviously necessary, otherwise the nervous fluid is but partially extracted, which leaves the individual, if young, in a queer state of moral feeling, not precisely expressed in the books, rather dangerous to those of a lymphatic temperament. Dr. Bobbins of Uxbridge, will throw a blaze of light on this subject, directly.

mysterious, that he is stimulated to continual exertions, being unwilling to relinquish a research while the promise of surmounting difficulties offers the most trifling encouragement. We love to know the minutiæ in this country; nor is this all: the why, and the wherefore, are problems a New-Englander is unwilling to abandon till he knows all that is to be known of anything which interests him.

On looking up to the clock, we were warned of the lateness of the hour—midnight had crept on before it was suspected. All further research, therefore, was necessarily postponed to another day. I called the next morning on Mrs. Fox, who was in excellent spirits. Instead of exhibiting a feverish lassitude, vital depression or fatigue, the last night's labors were reverted to with unfeigned satisfaction. After my arrival, the young ladies were importunate to know what their mother saw the last evening, and besought me to join forces with them in persuading her to tell us all about it. She was kind enough to comply, but it cannot be expected that I shall detail the particulars of these imperfect or rather incipient marches of the senses beyond those limits impressed upon them by the operation of the common laws of nature.

A proposition was made to have another trial, to which Mrs. Fox assented, but the cat could no where be found. This was indeed a disappointment, and for which none of us were prepared. Knowing that the cross passes of Miss Matilda had positively opened her eyes, I assured her that it would lay me under infinite obligations in being permitted to manipulate her after the manner laid down in M. Deleuze.* No objections being made, I commenced drawing my fingers from above downward, in the direction of the nerves and blood-vessels of the neck, quite below the solar plexas, and finally down to the knees. Sleep almost immediately was produced.

* Mr. Hartshorn, of Providence, to whom the whole world is indebted for a translation of the best Manual on Animal Magnetism extant, enriched by copious notes of his own, together with letters in the appendix from meritorious physicians of that city, has shown what true courage consists of. Nothing has been admitted into that stupendous work unsuitable to be studied in the Mosque of Omar. To discriminate truth from fiction, and so poise the imaginings of ardent anthropologists so as not to have the beam preponderate the wrong way, calls forth the highest grade of talents. Dr. Capron's contributions to Mr. Hartshorn must not be too lightly estimated. He is a host in his own person, a kind of Megalonyx,—

"For farces and physic, his equal there scarce is—
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Subsequent experiments convinced me that the old preparatory process of holding the thumbs a while before the regular passes are made, is an useless expenditure of time. In an aged person perhaps it might facilitate the magnetic state, but under ordinary circumstances I consider it quite as well to trust to the amount of fluid which a bold magnetizer can impart from himself, by regularly directing the nervous energy a considerable time in one unbroken chain. Certainly this course in my particular practice has always been decidedly efficacious.

Some individuals are much more susceptible than others. Those having a pale skin, slender figure, blue eyes, and a quick, vigorous intellect, should be preferred to those of a heavy mould. Black eyes, black hair, with plump figures, are not easily magnetized.* A head of red hair indicates an excellent organization for the free display of magnetic phenomena.

What I have ventured to call susceptibility, is simply a condition to be acted upon by stimuli,

* The power of concentrating the nervous fluid is beginning to be a rare qualification M. Poyen now confines himself altogether to red-haired ladies. The only reason of his failure before the Municipal authorities of Salem, was owing to the undetected existence of a few solitary hairs of another color in the left eyebrow.

which perhaps might be objected to by those less devoted to logical deductions than myself. Stimuli, of whatever kind or quality, either imbibed by cutaneous absorption or received into the stomach, or infused through the extreme terminations of the dermoid nerves, have the same specific effect on the individual so receiving them. The pulse are accelerated, a rapid secretion of the fluids follows, and a sensitiveness not unlike a mild exhileration is soon observable.

Mrs. Fox, as I have just related, by my agency, again went to sleep. Never in the whole course of my professional life have I felt that a greater triumph had been gained. Beyond dispute I thus made the important discovery, that in my own individual person I carried an invisible something which would prostrate the machinery of the human frame, and set free the conscious spirit, that would either go or come at my bidding. Mental indications, or the willing to compel another to do that which otherwise could or would not have been executed, has not been successfully managed in my hands.

At length we commenced asking her questions, to which she gave speedy and appropriate answers. I said to her, Madam, do you perceive

any object? "Yes," said she,—"I see a gold breast-pin lying under the left hand gate-post, entering from the street." "A gold pin, a gold pin," repeated the young ladies, one to the other. It came to mind that six years ago, an article of that kind had been lost, and that several domestics had been suspected of purloining it. There being no species of proof against their assertions of honesty, the loss was quite forgotten. With the serving-man of the house, by permission of Mrs. Fox, we forthwith raised the post; and lo! there lay the trinket, uninjured by its long imprisonment. The young ladies now recalled the circumstance from olden time, and it was remembered by them that the gate posts were set on the same day the pin disappeared. When the workmen had dug the holes, they were called off to dinner. It was during their absence that one of the three, who were then children, playing about the spot, dropped the jewel in. On their return in the afternoon, the post was fixed in its destined position. If any one questions this simple, yet truly extraordinary prevision, in passing by Mr. Fox's house, Chesnut street, the identical post upon which the gate swings, may be inspected at leisure.

As the high price of fuel in Boston had been an

occasional topic of conversation, the quantity in market being considered criminally small, I asked Mrs. Fox whether she discovered any coal beds near by? After looking as it were attentively a moment or so, both eyes being perfectly closed, "Yes," she spiritedly answered. "I discover a prodigious quantity of coal, spread out like a long black ribbon, about four yards below the surface, inclining deeper and deeper in a southeasterly direction from the apparent place occupied by myself." What a shame, nay, how wicked it is in the coal-dealers to charge the poor such exorbitant prices, when such an inexhaustible mine is close at hand! Every object being perfectly strange to her, she could not determine where or in what town this splendid locality was situated, because no objects were familiar to her recollection, if they had ever before been seen by her.

CHAPTER III.

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

Another sitting gave me further opportunity for pushing my inquiries into those dark regions of terra firma, where no human eye, save those of this gifted lady, has been permitted to survey the wonders concealed in the earth beneath our feet.

Her attention having been directed to a casual examination of the interior of the globe, she started from the chair with expressions of perfect horror ;—for, not more than seven miles from the surface, there is one vast furnace, where a fire, millions of times hotter than it is possible to conceive of, is roaring like legions of wild beasts, and the molten billows surge over the mighty sea of lurid fire in awful sublimity. The sight was too painful. Pray, said I, keep nearer the top of the ground, and, if you can, inform me how it looks under the city of Boston.

Perhaps ten minutes were required for contemplating objects, before any facts were revealed. I urged her to start from some familiar point, and pursue the track of the streets, thus maintaining her relationship to well-known edifices, and at the same time enabling me to designate places which it might be desirable to remember. Accordingly, the starting-place was in Washington Street, opposite the green stores, a revolutionary monument. "Here," said Mrs. Fox, "I will enter." Well, directly she announced a depth of about one hundred and thirty feet;—"Certainly I am full thirty feet further in the ground than could be reached with the fireman's liberty-pole, planted by the side of the big elm—and here is the edge of a great clay-basin, bearing some fanciful resemblance to an artificial reservoir."

I noted every word on the spot, so that my account may be relied upon. By following the basin some considerable distance, she found that the part on which she apparently stood, was the segment of a great circle. It was filled with a turbid, milky-colored water, but whether fresh or salt, could not be determined. The earth above dipped down, at irregular distances, like rude columns, resting on the bottom of this subterra-

nean lake. Between these props, of unequal lengths, breadth and figure, the water flows freely at all points of the compass.

Pursuing a northerly direction, the basin evidently deepened, and a sort of boiling motion was perceptible, as though the water was agitated by some central force. In a word, the ancient city of Boston stands on the top of an infinitude of clay pillars, the water playing between them as it does between the piers of a bridge.

On inquiry, I am informed, by gentlemen of respectabilty, particularly the water-drinkers,* that the project of supplying the metropolis of the North with fresh water from the country, has not met with such hearty encouragement

* Water-commissioners are appointed, by an express provision of the United States, once in fifty years, at an annual salary of three thousand dollars each, including hack-hire, tolls and provender whenever they go to Stoneham. Their principal duty is to inspect the frog ponds, and keep them clear from vermin. Last season they caught lots of tadpoles; a service that was promptly acknowledged by the Texian government. A daily record is kept at the water office, open to the inspection of strangers. The clerks are fine fellows, never being from business more than two weeks at once. No documents are hailed with such demonstrations of pleasure as estimates of the cost of introducing fresh water into cities.

from the citizens as it otherwise would, were it not susceptible of demonstration, that artesean wells would be adequate to any demands made upon them. Wherever an auger has been thrust to the depth of one, or perhaps, at farthest, two hundred feet, by individual enterprise, the water has rushed to the surface with surprising force. A well, near the rope-walks, sunk by Captain Lewis, another in Fayette Street, the labor of Mr. Marsh, and another at Alger's foundry, South Boston, must convince any person, open to conviction, that there is a never-failing fountain in the earth below. Wherever the boring has been tried north and northeast of the market, the dip of the superincumbent earth requires the instrument to be sunk considerably deeper than at the southern sections of the city.

Though exceedingly unwilling, by importunity, Mrs. Fox was induced to look minutely into the boundaries of this basin, being then, as I am at the instant of recording these facts, satisfied that the public have a right to profit by this discovery.

East Boston, the Navy Yard at Charlestown, the depot of the Lowell Rail-road, the whole of West Boston, Charles River, round to the western avenue, are embraced with the natural

boundaries of the basin. The deepest place is nearly under the Oriental Bank, at the corner of State Street and Merchants' Row. Mrs. Fox suspects that the milky color was owing to a solution of clay, the forest of supporters being continually washed by the circulating water. Those abortive attempts to obtain it by boring in several wards, were owing to the misfortune of striking the auger into one of the gigantic pillars instead of penetrating the interstice between two of them. This is a difficulty always to be apprehended; and yet, with our imperfect knowledge of geology, there is no mode of certainly avoiding the difficulty.

According to her notions of labor-saving, Mrs. Fox considers the most favorable ground in the whole city for sinking an artesean well, on account of the prodigious width of the inter-columner spaces, to be in Chauncy place, at its intersection with Summer Street. That this is a hollow place is very certain.*

* Mr. T——— being aware of the cavernous character of Chauncy Place, limited the school to a definite number of boys, years ago, fearing to exceed it, lest any accumulation of ponderosity should sink the whole establishment. Owing to a similar feeling on the part of the proprietors of the church near by, marriage publishments are read on

At the western extremity of Louisburg square, partly under the street, Mrs. Fox discovered a brick vault of sufficient capacity to take in a common-sized hogshead. Within this concealed enclosure, are seven earthen pots, covered over at the top with sheet lead; interspersed among them, are some dozens of bottles, the hilt of a sword in the north corner, and the decayed frame-work of a trunk. She could not determine the contents of the stone vessels. She conjectured, however, that they were originally filled with pickles. A similar underground structure was found, in 1826, in Chamber street, at a depth of more than thirty feet below the natural level of the land. Thousands of people thronged the neighborhood to take a peep at it, while excavations were making for a block of buildings, to face on Leverett street. Although currently reported to contain nothing but a few slaughter-house bones, it was generally believed that valuable property had been taken out before publicity was given to the fact that a strong specimen of masonry had been found at that section of the town.

Thursdays, and never on the Sabbath. Crowded assemblies in Chauncey Place might be attended with dangerous consequences.

I besought her to look further, not doubting that in a city of the magnitude of Boston, distinguished for its wealth, that much treasure of one kind and another, in the revolution, lost by accident and design, was concealed on the old estates.

Not far from eleven feet deep, just under the west corner of the Stone Chapel, Mrs. Fox saw a singular collection of coins, the remains of an under jaw, and, in contact with both, a tin canister of buttons.* Twelve feet from those articles, exactly in a line with the southern face, is a skeleton in a sitting position, having a copper hoop encircling the skull, one inch and a quarter in width. On both arms, above the elbows, are two green rings. At the feet is the head of a deer, with prodigiously wide branching antlers. My curiosity has been so excited by this declaration, that an early application is premeditated to the proper authorities, for permission to make an opening under that ancient edifice.

* Probably the reminiscences of a tailor. Mr. Milton having dealt largely in copper advertisements imitating cents, in his last will and testament, it is hoped, will direct that all the shop coinage on hand at the final consummation of business at Faneuil Hall, shall be disposed of in the same manner.

In North Square, several strange specimens of mechanical skill, the use or design of which could not be devised, are buried at irregular depths. When the foundation of the mariner's church was laid, had the diggers dipped two feet further, singular reliquiæ of savage life would have been brought to light.

Anxious for her penetrating eye to search the town generally, perhaps at this sitting, the observations were made too much at random: my excuse is, that it was a part of my design to first reconnoitre the town, and at a leisure day take the streets by wards. The first developments, therefore, only, are here noted.

On the sides of Fox Hill, the site of a fort in ruins, west of Crescent Pond, hundreds of perplexing sights were presented, averaging three and a half feet deep. More than seventy skeletons of infants, secured in coffee-pots, cigar boxes, oil jars, wine measures, &c. are concealed there. Among this mournful collection of dry bones, Mrs. Fox recognized two beautiful work-baskets, both containing horrible mementos of crime. On the marshy extremity of the Common, she had a distinct view of a human skeleton which had an iron spike driven in at one ear. She was greatly shocked at the sight, and begged

that I would not urge her to remain in that dreadful golgotha. My sympathies were powerfully in harmony with her own, and I very willingly proposed another district. Since then, no walk over that part of the Common has been pleasant; even a distant sight of Fox Hill recalls painful emotions. On Fort Hill, not a single object worth speaking of could be found. At two places in Milk Street, about eighty old French crowns lie scattered over a space of some three square feet. Between the Old South and ——, spoons, three silver tankards, &c., a copper tea-kettle full of small change, like contribution money, are snugly hidden under a fragment of a grave-stone. The latter is presumed to have been taken from the Granary Yard, the lower half standing there having a fracture to correspond with the secreted portion. All these things are conjectured to have been deposited when the British troops held possession of the town, by some one who no doubt intended to take them up when property would be secured by law to the rightful owner.

Nine feet from the Old South side walk, considerably deep, lies another grave-stone, bearing, on its front, the sculptured face of a cherub, with a pair of wings resembling hand-bellows, grow-

ing out an inch behind the ears. W. J. in plain chiselling, are cut on the opposite or back side. I shall rejoice to hear the pew holders consent to have an exploration about their premises.

Close by the Doubt estate, North End, bordering upon Tileston Street, lies something worth possessing. The same may be said of the contents of a well, hard by Copp's Hill; but I forbear to indicate definitely on account of the depredations that would infallibly be made by unprincipled adventurers. But of all spots surveyed by Mrs. Fox, the inner harbor is incalculably the richest, surpassing the creations of fancy in many respects. Opposite the wharves, on the hither side of the channel, nothing but bits of rope, fragments of iron hoops, or the occasional fluke of a rusty anchor came to view. On the flats, however, quite a different scene presented. Anchors of all patterns and sizes, iron keels, parts of chain-cables, copper bolts, rings, tackles, guns of all sorts, with and without stocks, fishing tackle; thousands of lead weights tied with short pieces of codline; bottles, watches, seals and chains, finger-rings, spy-glasses, drinking vessels, knives, buttons, spoons, besides innumerable articles not now recollected, have been strewn over some forty acres with a profuse

hand. These, in fact, are the gatherings of two hundred years, mostly by accident. West of Bird Island, Mrs. Fox saw three human skeletons, loaded with a number of fifty-sixes, fastened on by wire. Surely, this is an indication of some foul deed. She often assured me that only a stone's throw from the wharves, taking a circuit of the town, the waves roll over the disappearing osseous remains of many loved ones, whose disappearance was never satisfactorily explained. Other bones, of horses, dogs, cats, and coins of various denominations, wedged in the mud, and still working towards the clay bottom, beneath the vegetable accumulations and filth, seemingly might be recovered by the simplest mechanical contrivances imaginable.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING SURPRISING.

Perhaps I am becoming tedious: surely it is not my wish to offend against good manners, and yet I feel that the public has a direct claim upon me to tell all I know in the department of knowledge to which of late I have been passionately devoted. As my acquaintance with Mrs. Fox soon ripened into a friendship, which I trust is mutually acknowledged by the family—certainly so on my part, confidence became strengthened, and she exerted herself to gratify my unconquerable love of discovery to the extent of her clairvoyant faculty. To Mrs. Fox, I here make an unqualified declaration, am I indebted for all the advances I have made from the limited knowledge of the schools, in those sublime contemplations of the grandeur and extent of that ceaseless Power which operates through all

space, controlling the minutest portion of organized matter, as it does the countless stars in the firmament, in beauty and order. Had it not have been for the untiring condescension of Mrs. Fox, the learned would still have been enveloped in darkness on thousands of questions, now made clear and comprehensible.

At too great a depth to warrant mining operations, unfortunately, under the town of Springfield, Vt. is a monstrous deposit of copper ore. Also at Bellows' Falls and at Brattleborough, copper of pretty good quality may be considered plenty. Nothing worth describing could be detected in the substrata of Windsor or Hartland, taking the course of the river. A beautiful interval bottom on the Connecticut, called Wethersfield Bow, is quite rich in mineral deposits. There will always be difficulty to contend with in subterranean explorations at the Bow, on account of the perpendicular depth of the minerals, below the bottom of the river. A good deal of copperas might be advantageously manufactured at Cornish, N. H. Hanover is perfectly sterile, with the exception of garnets. Mrs. Fox saw splendid specimens; some larger than ounce bullets. She says it would well pay the way for Boston jewellers to be at considerable expense

to procure them. Generally, they are imbedded in a grayish kind of rock. Of all the towns in New-Hampshire, Hopkinton, Goffstown, Conway and Centre-Harbor, have been the decided favorites of nature. Accident will at some future day show the people there what there is underneath their green fields. Specks of gold were repeatedly noticed, even above ground, at the base of the White Mountains. Blastings on the south border would astonish a professed geologist. An abundance of lead might be thrown up in a hundred places.

Vermont abounds with lead, iron, copper and rich marble. Rutland, Vergennes, Woodstock, and Manchester, are amply provided for, even for centuries, in many respects. Another generation will look into matters.

Mrs. Fox, after repeated trials, declared that there were no minerals in Rhode Island. In this sweeping assertion, however, she made no reference to coal; the real and only bank to be depended upon in the State. The little State has scarcely anything else but coal; the whole east side of Providence river is one solid bed of slaty bituminous coal, quite down to Newport. A shaft of two hundred feet would show a quality that would vie with the best Liverpool. "How

black it is," she often repeated, in tracing the veins. Warren, is altogether superior to Bristol for coaling. Two miles or so above Providence, and even at Pawtucket, the coal lies deep, but there is an immensity of it. Mrs. Fox once said to me that it was very strange some one had not detected coal at Pawtucket in sinking two wells, the lowest in the town, as they actually struck a vein. Smithfield has coal too, but it is considerably intermixed with pebbles in an unusual manner, giving it something of the appearance of Roxbury conglomerate or pudding-stone.

By my express desire, a bed of coal was followed from the town of Warren, R. I. north and northeasterly, with a hope that some point would be found where it cropped out of the ground. I was encouraged in this, because Mrs. Fox invariably spoke of the veins being like interminable undulating black ribbons. The uppermost one she assured me dipped amazingly deep, till it neared the level lands at the base of the Milton Hills or Blue Ridges, where it came nearer the surface. To the east of Quincy, in Massachusetts, and particularly under a certain farm, which from a series of observations has been identified to be the estate of the Hon. John Q. Adams, there are three thick veins, one above

the other, separated some fifteen feet, more or less, by earthy matter. All three finally dip down suddenly under Quincy bay, seaward, under and beyond President Quincy's Salt Works. On the north and northeast side of the Milton Hills, Mrs. Fox considers this coal to be a compact anthracite; and she also remarked to me, at the same time, that in ten years more, the arrival of a cargo of hard coal from Pennsylvania, would be as ridiculous, as the proverb has it, as carrying coals to New-Castle. Quincy is destined to great importance in the coal-trade hereafter.

Connecticut has coal too, distributed particularly on the margin of Long Island Sound, and on both sides of the mouth of the Connecticut river, at Lyme and Saybrook. Unfortunately, the greatest proportion of it lies quite in the Sound, where it is impossible to raise it. Wethersfield abounds with coal in broad sheets, but little beneath the onion beds, which could be mined to good profit.

At this stage of the survey, Mrs. Fox was requested to peep under the city of Hartford, being convinced in my own mind that if coal veins were in Wethersfield, Hartford was not wholly destitute. To my vexation, however, she said

not a particle was to be found there. In the search, she perceived a strange collection of great bones, about a quarter of a mile, she judged, from the steamboat landing, nearly under a certain wooden house, rather old, to which was attached a small garden. The front door is shaded by evergreen. In the collection is one large skeleton, "*long as a church!*" having three legs on each side. On the neck is a monstrons stone, pressing the vertebræ into the hard clay. As the upper part of the skull is broken in, it seems as though the monster had been suddenly killed by the stone, hurled with resistless force from an unknown source. Twenty or thirty teeth are within a foot or two, variously fractured, as if violently wrenched from their deep sockets. Only a few rods from the bank of the river, in Glastenbury, there lies another ferocious looking nondescript monster, stretched out at full length, so very near the water, that one or two more spring floods will certainly expose the bones of the tail.

If there is not enterprise enough in the good city of Hartford to redeem these valuable fossil remains, it will be a reproach to their intelligence. Once obtained, their naturalists would possess the rarest, richest monuments of the world before the flood.

A cursory examination only, was had of the State of New York. Such a multitude of magnificent objects presented themselves, as it were, that she was quite confounded, indeed, overwhelmed by the exhibition. The most common sight where there were plains bordering upon streams, were the same kind of great bones which are buried at Glastenbury. She saw, too, columns of water rising from unfathomable depths, boiling and sparkling towards the surface, through inclined canals, which were small in some parts, and bulging into wide tubes in others. Within seventy feet of the surface, many of them coalesce; the main stream pursuing a horizontal direction to an unknown destination. In four different counties, great white stones, or as they might be called quartz mountains, are conspicuous objects to a person capable of visiting distant regions by the aid of Animal Magnetism. I take these to be pure rock salt, all the water used in the manufacture of the article in the interior of the State, merely holding in solution a small quantity of salt, which it obtains in passing over the crystallized masses.

Amongst other topics, we happened to be discoursing, on a certain occasion, about the primi-

tive inhabitants of America; and I suggested to Mrs. Fox that sufficient memorials were hidden in the earth, could they be brought up, to establish the truth of Indian traditions. The conversation greatly interested her; and being free to lend her assistance to discover how far my theory could be sustained by facts, a time was assigned for an experiment. Knowing that the valley of the Mississippi would, in all probability, yield the best antiquarian harvest, if one was to be realized at all, Mrs. Fox's clairvoyance was put in requisition for a grand inspection of celebrated sites in Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Arkansas, and Wisconsin Territory.

CHAPTER V.

RESEARCHES IN THE MOUNDS.

Those who would enlarge their sphere of knowledge, need not travel beyond the boundaries of our own happy country, to be convinced that America has been the theatre on which man has figured through all the phases of human nature, from the wildest condition of savage life, to the day in which we live, and that the revolutions he has passed through, from an era to which no written memorial refers, and no tradition reaches, is demonstrated by a countless number of magnificent remains, the labors of his hands, whose design cannot be ascertained, and which still promise to resist the physical changes of the globe, unessentially impaired for unnumbered generations to come.

If any light could be thrown upon the internal structure of the mounds, the great unspeaking

wonders of the western division of the United States, I felt it an imperious duty to collect it. By the same indulgent kindness, which has characterized Mrs. Fox through a succession of fatiguing researches into things which she knew nothing of before they were offered for her elucidation, the important contributions to the stock of antiquarian lore already collected, has been procured. I have long reflected upon the intention of the builders of the mounds, but I do not feel that the object is yet discovered. However, I am fully prepared to display their contents, but regret that the learned will probably be obliged to theorize, as they always have, without sufficient data on the exact use which was originally made of them.

In the first place, there is not a tumulus, either large or small, in which the nucleus is not a human skeleton. Within an earth-walled enclosure, on the north fork of Paint Creek, near Chilicothe, are six miniature tumuli, surrounded by a double circular wall. Mrs. Fox saw in the centres of the three largest, a skeleton in each, lying upon its right sides, with their heads to the west. They were wrapped in a firm twilled twine cloth, and a stone image, resembling, faintly, the body of a man, severed at

the lower part of the abdomen, was grasped by the right hand. A circular silver plate, originally, perhaps, a medallion, bearing the embossed representation of the sun, is figured on the three. Two skulls, deprived of their eye teeth, are lashed to their feet. These, I am inclined to suppose, were sacred individuals, perhaps priests. Within the three smaller mounds, are the bones of children, in such a state of preservation, that Mrs. Fox suspects that they were embalmed. Each one is laid in the skin of a great bird, the feathers still adhering. A little bag is suspended to their necks, containing red paint, and two square pieces of metal, perforated in the middle. They are in a compact row, and seemed to have been bound together by a serpent, whose head and tail are tied together in a knot. These, too, were probably the offspring of the priesthood, or else sacrificed on some momentous occasion.

Two mounds, standing outside the ancient fort at Circleville, Ohio, are full of relics. Bones of men, but twenty heads to one frame, are buried in a pit, ten feet deep, over which the mounds were raised. Sea-shells, particularly conchs, sheets of mica-slate and small red eastern pots, are variously interspersed throughout the structure. More than a cord of wood is bu-

ried at the bottom, as if a vat of logs was first built to receive the remains.

At Marietta, ten thousand curiosities are buried hither and thither, even down as low as ninety feet. Iron axes, iron shoes, copper helmets, swords, spears, sculptured resemblances of serpents, lizards, and other reptiles, are abundant. On the southern bank of the Muskingum river, astonishing revelations are to be made. Mrs. Fox said it was impossible to describe one hundredth part of what she saw. It occurs to me to mention that magazines of corn are plenty in the vicinity of Marietta. She thinks that in two of those under-ground stores, as much as two hundred bushels of corn, in the ear, is so sound and dry, that it would make sweet meal. By analyzing the ground within a line of forts at the junction of the Muskingum and the Ohio, four flat stones may be dug up, bearing inscriptions. She was shown a copy of the characters on the famous Dighton rock, and asked to compare them; but there was no tangible resemblance. Each letter, if letters they are, on the Marietta tablets, is crowned by the picture of a man's face; and, projecting from the mouth, is the shape of an arrow. One stone has nine lines upon it, another one, embraced at the extremities by the

talons of a hawk; the others are precisely alike,—being, apparently, duplicates, written from top to bottom. In a field, twenty rods, or thereabouts, west of the largest fort, is an earthen vessel, of the capacity of fifteen or sixteen hogsheads, completely filled with flutes. Some of them are made of heron's legs, and some of cane-stalks. One of the instruments is a facsimile of a trombone, excepting it is without keys, and made of brass.*

Newark, in Licking county, Ohio, was ransacked quite thoroughly; but, notwithstanding the glowing descriptions of Caleb Atwater, Esq., it is rather a poverty-stricken depot. The artificial pond, marked F., in his map of the ruins between Racoon Creek and the South Fork of Licking river, is the only place worth exploring. A considerable quantity of long bars of lead lie in the pond,—and in the part marked C, is a magazine of grain, similar to those described at

* When these surprising revelations reach Marietta, I cannot believe they will go unheeded. The Antiquarian Society ought to send an agent to that fertile spot, to secure the harvest of relics. The trumpery constituting the Museum, is getting old, hence a spirited movement is necessary, particularly as the manufacture of American antiquities, by the Connecticut pedlars, was suspended, during the late pressure.

Chilicothe. It is all shelled, and appears to have been parched.

Many ambitious antiquarians have lived and died, who would have made large sacrifices to have been gratified with a knowledge of the contents of a very great mound, designated the *Big Grave*, not far from Wheeling. Mr. Tomlinson, the owner, and others equally interested in it, as property, never would permit any excavations in it. Its circumference is three hundred yards—the diameter, consequently, three hundred feet; and its height, just ninety. I am proud to unfold the mystery, since Mrs. Fox has placed it within my power to gratify the world.*

In the first place, the foundation of that immensely large mound is laid on four hundred

* A general complaint has been made against mound-owners, by travellers, that no facilities are offered them for prosecuting researches in the western country. This will explain the reasons why every volume issued under the authority of the American Antiquarian Society, is made up of nursery tales. It is not customary, in that musty body, to receive a communication for their archives, not bearing the impress of one thousand years. At any rate, to create a stir, it must be perfectly illegible. Consistency is the order of the day, with the fellows, for a new member must be in his dotage before election. Young men are unknown to the Worcester Antiquarian Pretorians.

four-footed animals, placed in a manner to describe an octagon,—the heads being turned outward. They are either elephants or mammoths,—but I have no means of knowing which. On the neck of each is the skeleton of a man, altogether taller than any variety of the human species at present known to naturalists. Bracelets are on their arms above the elbows, and on the ankles. They appear to have been crushed down by a mass of earth suddenly dropped from above; yet such could not have been the fact. Over these, constituting a flooring, is a structure of sand, two feet and four inches thick, and over that, bushels of teeth, of all kinds, from those of men, to those of fishes. Where so many could have been procured, is truly surprising. Over these, again, are millions, apparently, of earthen vessels, of all manner of patterns, bearing a grotesque variety of raised figures. Some of these articles are in the form of men, in all possible attitudes; some are like monkies, hawks, groundhogs, foxes, racoons, rabbits, crows and serpents. They surround a central ring, bounded by a curbstone, enclosing a shallow well, holding a black mass, seemingly consolidated into stone. Conjecture has made this to be blood, poured into the well —taken, perhaps, from the dead bodies under-

neath. The well is covered by an earthen cover, nine feet in diameter, bearing the twelve signs of the zodiac on the upper surface. Quite in the centre of that, a staple passes through, keyed in the under side by a copper nail. Over all these things, are concentric circles of human bodies, systematically sized. Small infants, lying face down, have all their feet in contact over the well. Beyond them is another size, and then another, and so on, till the exterior circle is made of gigantic bones, bespeaking them, when alive, to have been, certainly, eight feet tall. Again, over these, is another coat of earth and rich mould, five feet thick. Into this is stuck thousands upon thousands of arrows, the stone-points up, which gave the mound, at that stage of its building, the appearance of a forest of weapons. Every other one, within one inch of the lanceolated head, is ornamented with a red cord. Over these is twenty-seven feet of earth, being a promiscuous mixture of clay, sand, and gravel.

All the remainder, quite to the summit, presenting an area of forty feet in diameter, is made up of earth. Quite in the centre of this elevated table, there is now a depression, caused by the decay of the bodies at the base.

People of Louisville, Kentucky, would marvel

if they knew what lay under their feet. However, by the inspection of a mound familiar to them all, a sufficient number of objects would be recovered to compensate for every outlay of money in carrying on the labor. In that, there is a row of capacious earthen vessels, somewhat like tea-kettles, having spouts to resemble serpents. These constitute, as it were, an inclosure, within the embrace of which, is an infinitude of balls, perhaps four inches in diameter, made to look much like common cannon-balls. Over them is a stratum of white sand, and above the sand, in the very centre, is a triangular brass tablet, two inches thick, bearing singular characters on both sides. It is so large that the angles are the boundaries of a circle twelve feet across. It will be seen, therefore, that the brass alone would be a prize worth digging for. At each angle of the triangle, is a human head, probably decapitated for the purpose, facing inwardly. A very fine composition of clay, sand, and vegetable fibres overlays this precious relic to the depth of one foot only. A circle was then made of human bodies, on their haunches, all facing the centre—fifty-seven in all, who give striking evidence of having been slain, as all their skulls are fractured at the occiput, as

though struck with a heavy bludgeon. In the right hand of each is a delicate red cup, and, perched upon the thumb of the left hand, the figure of a little bird, wrought of clay.

Precisely under the Medical College, in the city of Cincinnati, which appears to have been a site fixed upon for rearing a great mound, from the preparations made in the earth, but which, for causes forever unknown, was abandoned after considerable progress had been made by those engaged in it, are many unique articles, not at all easy to describe. A well was first dug thirty-seven feet, and the bottom covered with a sculptured tortoise, the shell just fitting the sides. On its back is the representation of a warrior, dressed in armor, holding a spear in the right hand, and a lion by the nape of the neck, with the left.

A variety of things in character with the contents of the well, are lying at various depths, all over the city of Cincinnati, and especially within six and eight hundred feet of the water.

I urged Mrs. Fox to consider some section of Illinois, with reference to antiquarian relics. She obligingly made a slight excursion there, but expressed herself fatigued. On the bank of a river she saw the frame of a steamboat, with

Evansville on the stern. I then inquired what there was in the neighborhood? to which she quickly replied, "Nothing but bones." Under a large store, Mrs. Fox assured me that there were ten skeletons, in a sitting posture, and all of them had heavy lead caps on, shaped like a common tin wash-bowl.

Here my research into and among the mounds was interrupted on account of the soreness of Mrs. Fox's eyes, brought on by long and continued exertion. Although closed by the lids, the visual apparatus was necessarily intensely exercised in every telescopic observation. Not wishing to become too importunate, and thus lose my only chance of penetrating the secrets of the soil, I told her if she would favor me with a few glances nearer home, which would be attended with less expenditure of ocular strength, I would not urge her to prolong the exploration any longer, but wait till she felt herself sufficiently recruited and renovated to renew our inquiries.

A look was now taken of the harbor of New York, between the battery and Jersey city. Instantly, about ten rods from the battery, the first object she saw was a huge iron-bound box, nearly covered by mud, filled with American half dollars. Nothing, apparently, would be less

difficult than to drag it up by a common rake. On East River, she said there were dollars enough imbedded in the mud, close by the ends of the wharves, to load a hand-cart. The remnants, too, of human beings, were promiscuously strewn over acres of bottom. The bones, too, of children, were in horrible profusion in every direction. Surely, the police is in duty bound to inquire into this dreadful appearance.

CHAPTER VI.

PATHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

Every physician, of liberal views, has been convinced of the utility of the practice of Animal Magnetism in allaying agonizing pain, and in shortening, if not permanently overcoming dangerous maladies. When the mode of producing somnambulism was first taught, every medical philanthropist hailed the discovery with benevolent satisfaction, because it was foreseen that the exercise of clairvoyancy would wholly supersede the stethescope, an awkward instrument at best, which, in the hands of experienced auscultursists, about as frequently misleads as it gives a true indication.

At the season the series of experiments were in progress, of which this little memoir is the record, several of my intimate personal friends were extremely ill; two of them were considered

to be in the last stages of pulmonary consumption. The field to which Mrs. Fox was invited, was indeed new to her, but an ample sphere for the exercise of her predominant kindness of heart, lay within it, and she, as I had anticipated, cordially assisted me in many pathological researches, to the perfect restoration of several, and, confessedly, to the relief of others, who otherwise might not at this hour have been alive.

Residing at Roxbury, is a young lady of the first respectability, who had been afflicted with a swelling of the right foot. The sense of feeling was quite lost in it, so that pinching could not be felt, nor could she distinguish the application of hot from cold water. The case had been minutely stated to me by two medical attendants, who would have thanked me for any suggestions calculated to benefit their patient.

One afternoon, I said to Mrs. F.,—In a charming house on Mount Pleasant, there sits a young lady, with one foot supported on an ottoman, or, rather, it is presumable that she is thus seated at this hour of the day. Pray look at her, and tell me whether she is indisposed or in good health. Mrs.Fox has been magnetized, it must be recollected, a preparatory step, invariably, before beginning to propound questions.

She apparently gave herself up to profound thoughtfulness—so long continued that I took occasion to repeat what I had before said. "Sir," said she, "I am now looking at the poor young lady's foot; how badly it is swollen. Why don't the surgeon draw out the needle which passes directly through the great nerve that turns round the ankle joint to reach the sole?" Not succeeding in confining her attention to the foot any longer, because it gave her unpleasant emotions, I wrote a note the day following to Drs. ———, praying them to search for a needle somewhere near the inner maleolar process. They did so, detected it, and immediately extracted it. From that hour she began to recover, and in six weeks was restored to her accustomed health.

Another case was submitted to her inspection. The circumstances were essentially these. A gentleman who has always lived freely, though temperately, till he become an alderman, lost his appetite, could not sleep, but seemed never to be satisfied with drinking an Italian liqueur, called *marischino*. He fed on the lightest farinaceous food, in small quantities too, and his abdominal rotundity was the amazement of all who passed him in his usual morning walks. I had

not the least acquaintance with this man, whatever, but his monstrous back struck me always with astonishment. Mrs. Fox was requested to examine the vital organs—which she did, alternately, and told me that in his stomach was a living cuttle-fish, over a foot in length. Never did the communication of any intelligence appear more ridiculous. The idea of a *squid*, otherwise cuttle-fish, being imprisoned, and alive too, in a stomach, exceeded belief. I dared not mention this to any one, for fear of becoming the jest of all rational people in the town. The latter part of October, the great monster man died. A post mortem was had, and there lay the squid brisk as ever. How the creature found admittance, is a problem. The most reasonable thing upon the matter is this, viz. that the egg was swallowed and subsequently developed in the stomach.*

Miss M. T., a maiden lady, of thirty, spare habit, tall, with blue eyes and red hair, had been

* Miss Brackett detected a diseased spleen in a man, very much in the same manner. The Rev. Mr. Green has a plenty of illustrations of the faculty possessed by somnambulists, of finding out the state of the viscera. A visit to Pawtuxet would be a treat to the well-wishers of magnetism in this country.

ailing from her eighteenth year, without having had any permanent relief, although she had consulted all the medical men of eminence in Boston. She has suffered from a fixed pain in the left side of the chest, the whole time. Blisters, setons, tartar-emetic ointments, besides a whole shop of drugs, had been prescribed, without producing any sort of relief. Mrs. Fox, with a little hesitation, pronounced the disease to be a conversion of the left lung into solid stone! and moreover predicted that a judicious administration of Brandreth's pills would restore the lost function of the organ. This information was communicated to her friends, who went to work in earnest to apply the remedy. Seventeen boxes of those invaluable pills cured her.* I learn,

* By turning to the daily papers, of Nov. 20th, 1837, Dr. Brandreth's advertisement of his arrival in Boston may be seen. It was to give the vegetable pills, that the family of the lady sent for him. This was the special occasion of this very distinguished benefactor's visit to the literary emporium. Had it not been for the interference of political caucuses, and the public rejoicings on account of the Pawnee delegation of Indians, whose lodgings were on the floor of Concert Hall, Dr. Brandreth would have received the congratulations of the Society for cradling children. As it was, the Fifty Associates paid him their respects, and bespoke an annual supply of the genuine pills for all their tenants.

since the compositor began with the manuscript of this volume, that Miss T. is entirely restored, —and further, that she will enter the silken bonds of wedlock the coming spring.

Once more.—Sitting, one morning, in the reading-room of the Tremont House, I noticed a Southerner, of respectable, gentlemanly appearance, whose complexion was cadaverous, and otherwise sickly to look at, leaning back in an arm-chair, with the Morning Post in one hand, and the Atlas in the other. By and by, he sprang upon his feet, jarring the furniture, and somewhat disturbing the town-loungers, who haunt that pleasant apartment to the positive annoyance of travellers, swore unutterable execrations against whigs and tories; and then sunk down upon his knees. Every person present flew to his assistance; even Mr. J. T., who was never before known to relinquish a newspaper, however much it might be desired by others, till all the advertisements were read three times over, proffered his services. Mr. Boyden directed the way to a snug parlor, occupied by Mr. Wilson, that being his name, in the second story. A physician came directly, examined the pulse, ordered mustard-seed to the feet, and an ounce of linseed-oil, dissolved in a quart of hot

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(*Tremont House*)

Post v.s. Atlas

water, to be given at suitable intervals, till the whole was consumed.* Pretty soon, the patient opened his eyes, and so far recovered the tone of the organs of speech, as to say to the by-standers, that he was sorry to have created the present alarm, because he did not consider himself in any particular danger. He further continued, —that, for the last twenty years of his life, he had been subject to a nephritic complaint, that produced excruciating torment, whenever his mind became excited on politics. Why politics, more than any other subject, should bereave a man of reason, no person has had the sagacity to explain. The monstrous, terribly distorted accounts of party aspects in Georgia, the state of his nativity, in the two papers referred to, brought on the old pains, with a host of concomitants, usually attendant.

After he was quite comfortable, I took my leave, without once intimating my professional

* An old notion prevails, that oil and water cannot be mixed. It is time this vulgar error should be exposed. Dr. L., known to all the world for his skill, never had any difficulty in combining them. The whole misunderstanding between the city authorities and the ex-fire-department, arose out of this trifling affair—only one party knew how to mix oil and water.

character, and, within a few hours, consulted Mrs. Fox, as to the nature of the morbid condition of Mr. Wilson. No clue was given her to his present or past state, nor did I even intimate what had been witnessed just before. I simply told her that a gentleman at the Tremont House, dressed thus and so, of such and such characteristics, was sick, and I wished for some knowledge on the subject.

She designated him, in her somnambulic preparation, from more than one hundred gentlemen, then in the house, and told me as unhesitatingly as a person would make a declaration of facts then before their eyes, that a patch of cotton cloth was in contact with his right kidney. Cotton cloth touching a man's kidney !—Impossible ! I exclaimed. She insisted upon it, that there was no mistake in the matter,—the cotton was there, and if an adroit operation was performed, it might yet be extracted, without serious discomfiture to the patient. This improbable description of the cause of Mr. Wilson's nephritics, as I then regarded it, weighed so ponderously upon my mind, that I could not rest with comfort, till I called on him, which I was justified in doing, as an act of courtesy, to inquire how he found himself, since the fit. A

general conversation ensued at this call, and by degrees I learned that in his younger days he had been guilty of fighting a duel, and that he was badly wounded in the small of the back. The wound was healed years and years ago, and he did not conceive that the disease of which he complained had the remotest possible connection with the old wound. I boldly announced to him that a patch of cotton cloth was enclosed in the bed of the kidney, in contact with the psoas muscle, and was the real source of all that he had suffered. He was ultimately persuaded to enter the hospital, where the rag was taken out. It may be seen by visiters, on inquiry, at any time. Now the fact was, the cotton patch was shot from a rifle-pistol, with which the wound was made. Four weeks from the day he left the Tremont, he returned, sound in health and strength.

Now, can the enemies of Animal Magnetism show any objections to the science, when it thus becomes an important auxiliary to surgery?—The life of a man was here saved from an untimely grave, and through the exercise of that very mysterious power, which many, otherwise rational men, hold up to derision and contempt.

Were selfishness a predominant trait in my

character, I might swell this report to inconvenient dimensions, with cases like the foregoing, corroborative of the advantages that would accrue to society, were physicians a little more obliging. They seem to array themselves in hostility to something they know nothing about. I have the independence to disengage myself from the prejudices of my professional brethren, whenever they manifest too much devotion to old theories, to the exclusion of new pathological facts.

Although magnetizers are pretty common in Boston, and some forty or fifty of the one hundred and twelve of its practitioners now treat all febrile, tetanic and parturient affections, by manipulations; the remaining sixty-two are obstinate unbelievers. At Nashua, Lowell, Cambridge, Concord, Salem, and Worcester, I am sure the light of pure science is shining with some degree of splendor. The endowment of a professorship of Animal Magnetism at the Berkshire Medical Institution, at Fairfield, N. Y., and at Northampton, as a necessary legal prepation before being admitted to the bar, I hail as the dawning of a marvellous light. Those institutions will have the enviable reputation of having availed themselves of the transcendant ad-

vantages of the science, when it was hooted and despised by the ignorant; but the glory of having sent out polished, learned magnetizers, will redound to their reputation, when the revilers of common sense will have been lost in the rubbish of eternity.

Columbia College, Schenectady, the University of Vermont, and Yale, have been too cautious; no magnetism is taught in either of their Halls, and hence their classes are yearly falling off. Old Harvard, on the contrary, the pride of thousands, whose aspirations are for the posterity of their alma mater, has acted nobly in coupling Animal Magnetism with the respectable *Rumford Professorship of Signs.**

* What is the matter? With all the means of being extensively useful, the classes are not equal to the resources of that ancient Institution. It cannot be in consequence of there being too many sinecures. No, nor is there any want of talent in those who control its operations. Even the elocution of the radical Dr. Barber, professor of phrenology, elocution jelly, commentator general on all things but just those which were absolutely necessary for a student to know, had not sufficient influence to multiply sophomores, beyond the ordinary number. Is any man's knowledge honored at Cambridge, whose family has not the means of adding to the funds? Genius finds no encouragement at Harvard.

CHAPTER VII.

PEEPS AT GREAT PEOPLE.

No one entertains a more decidedly contemptible opinion of those who deal in slanders and inuendoes, than myself; and I would on no consideration be instrumental in stirring up strife between different political partisans, however open they may have laid themselves to severe animadversion. It so happened, repeatedly, that Mrs. Fox was left in a magnetic state, after any particular series of observations had been made, with a view of affording her rest, a more comfortable rest than she could have had in a noisy, bustling city, had she been always awakened by transverse passes. She was thus insulated completely, neither hearing the voices of those about her, unless purposely put in magnetic communication, nor taking cognizance of any transactions within the immediate

household. If the sleep was likely to be improperly prolonged, her daughter, who was always vigilant, broke the spell, and thus restored her to voluntary action.

It was under the foregoing circumstances, when alone, that she indulged the characteristic curiosity of the sex, to look through society and see what mankind were about behind the scenes. As the engrossing topic in the early part of November related to the coming election, she directed her eyes, one rainy evening, to the headquarters of the county Committee. Nothing, of course could be heard, but the significant gesticulations of the members was not to be misapprehended or wrongfully interpreted. A catalogue of names was laid on the table before the presiding officer, who cast a knowing eye to it, then took it up, pointed to several of the names, directing the attention of the association to one, particularly. He seized a tumbler of water, which was raised to the lips, but he never tasted a drop of it—shaking his head violently, still looking and pointing at the ominous name, as much as to say, this candidate for the people's suffrages, drinks no water. At this they all raised their right hands, as they do at the police court. It was supposed, therefore, that a vote was taken,

for the president forthwith erased it with seeming satisfaction.* Mrs. Fox thought she discovered here an evident influence of the spirit of temperance. Every person at all conversant with the doings of the Whig General Committee, knows that no individual, known to be an habitual consumer of ardent spirit, was in nomination for any office in the gift of the inhabitants.† Long may this happy change in the public sentiment remain. It has purged the Legislature, as it has the national councils, of brutes in the shape of men. Let no drunkard or moderate tippler, be a candidate for office, however humble or exalted, in a community in which there are rights to be

* When a certain notoriously sober candidate was officially informed that the State could dispense with his services, he made bitter lamentations. Since that eventful day he has been heard to mutter in the purlieus of Court Square, at high twelve, the first line of the first verse of the ninth chapter of the prophet Jeremiah.

† There is still room for improvement, which will be expressly pointed out in a forth-coming production. Some very decently respectable dead-weights upon society may rely upon having faithful portraits. Mrs. Fox has looked in upon them at their secret haunts, and wonders that their incipient carbuncled visages, their gourmand appetites, and utter rotteness of character, is not perceived. But the day of developments is at hand.

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The County Committee.

preserved, principles to maintain, or a code of morals to be respected.

Another name was called. The President also turned it to the committee, showing, by his smiling expression, that no difficulties were in the way. All voted, as they did before, and each one wrote it on a skeleton ticket for convenient reference. Up came another, and yet another, till one of the committee by an infuriated look, succeeded in arresting the voting process, on the eve of being made. He rose in his place and swang about both arms as freely as though they were tied to the shoulders by a thong. One or two evidently tried to stop him, but ineffectually, as he began to stamp, and finally took up an ink-stand. It was not thrown at the chair, as Mrs. Fox momentarily expected; still, by his vehement manner against the apparent determination of the committee, he fairly carried the point; for, rather than prolong a discussion, the names of two of the best citizens of Boston were expunged,—a sacrifice to the caprice of one who has neither talent or character, but the reputation of being a noisy meddler. "This individual," said Mrs. Fox, "whose face is familiar to me now, having since recognized him in the streets, and sought out both his name

and place, never was admitted into the society of well-bred people. He was conscious that he had no claims upon them, and never obtruded where, both by habit and feeling, he would have felt no companionship; yet, in this political relationship, all his acquired prejudices against individuals superior to himself, were suffered to pass unrebuked, because it was considered expedient to *compromise*, that is, humor his dislikes, that others might be accommodated in turn." In this manner a list of representatives is made out for the dear people,—a mere machine, with hands, to drop votes into a ballot-box.

Having scrutinized one of the belligerent parties in popular political array, she called in upon an assembly of Van Burenites, a small body, but extravagantly excited. The room was suffocatingly full of ardent patriots. Seeing was an unsatisfactory gratification,—and she regretted that Magnetism had not done for the ear what it had for the eye. None of the party appeared to be in pain, though their visages were occasionally shockingly distorted. This could not be accounted for by any common rules of judging. Matters were conducted much as they were in the other conclave, with this exception,

—when the president had gone through a singularly significant pantomime, seemingly well understood, and appreciated too, by those in front of the desk, (for they frowned simultaneously,) he held up a broad sheet, inscribed with a host of names. For a while, there was an apparent stillness; at least, no one moved a limb, and it was therefore supposed the whole ticket was read aloud. By and by, up went all hands. This was an acceptance by acclamation. No erasures, no index fingers, no speeches indicated dissatisfaction,—the whole, unbroken and unmutilated, met their entire approbation. At this point of the exhibition, Mrs. Fox withdrew her attention and left them, as she entered, in spirit, unknown and unseen. She said to me, afterwards, that she came to the conclusion, from the unanimity of the gentlemen at this caucus, that they only wanted numbers at the poles, to carry any measure they chose, however utopian or radical in its tendency,

Once, and but once, Mrs. Fox indulged herself with an interior view of the White House, at Washington. There sat a little bald-pated man at a writing-table, quite alone, reading in a venerable old book. He neither appeared unhappy, or discovered, by any muscle of the face,

that the mind was particularly joyful. The hour was late,—fires were out, servants had retired, and everything bespoke order and quietness: studious, without bustle ; thoughtful, because the author evidently gave activity to his mind ; he continued in one unchanged position till Mrs. Fox shrunk from the apartment with a deep sense of having done a ruder act than she cared to be guilty of. "If that was the President of the United States," she jocosely remarked, "he cares much less about the political aspect of the times, than any person within the pale of the General Government."

With considerable hesitation, she consented to call on the Post-Master-General. He seemed not at all conscious of the presence of any person in the snug niche in which he was writing. He would screw and twist himself into all imaginable facial contortions, showing that his mind was in precisely the same uncomfortable state. When a few sentences were finished, by erasures, crosses, and numerous interlineations, easing back for the favorable assistance of the lamp, he read the composition to himself, and then bowed himself to the labor again of parturiating another sentiment. Over the top of the sheet was a coarse superscription, thus :—"*For the Globe.*"

Mrs. Fox had read of the Globe, and Mr. Blair, Printer of Congress, &c., but had never seen either. The Post-Master's composition induced her to go a little farther. She did so, and made the editor a regular visitation. In an apartment adjoining the principal press-room of the Globe office, sat a man before an expiring fire, partially enveloped in newspapers, smoking and reading, as though he fully enjoyed both. Occasionally he laid down the cigar, to cut out a line,—having then lying on the table a dozen strips thus selected, cut and dried for the compositor. After waiting considerably longer than she considered it proper,—not being at any time able to divest herself of the idea that she was as visible to others as they were to her, and feeling but poorly compensated for the trip to Washington, the capital was abandoned altogether. She expressed herself heartily cured of all political biases, either one way or the other,—being satisfied, from personal observation, that the men whom party favor has elevated to the pinnacles of fame, by giving them all that the resources of a nation have to bestow, viz. wealth, present honor, and a name on the page of history, care much less about their worshippers than they can be made to believe. Though she saw

but a few public functionaries, and those engaged, they were men of quiet deportment, unobtrusive, for they were entirely alone; and she came away impressed with the idea, that not one of them cared a straw for those who have borne the brunt of the battle to make them men of historical renown.*

* Since the above was written, Mrs. Fox could not forbear taking a look down State Street. Though Mr. Fox had nothing at stake in the Commonwealth Bank, she knew that others had, and her discoveries, five days before the bursting of the bubble, were truly exciting. Moral honesty was there personified, and the directors, to a man, fed sparingly, for more than a week, well knowing that dieting was necessary for men in whom lurked the seeds of pecuniary dissolution. A further examination will be had, and the public may rely upon a post-mortem examination of each individual, directly, who has figured as an automaton in the hands of fraudulent public functionaries in the precincts of the White House.

> "Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
> And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
> Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
> Therefore, thou must be hanged at the State's charge.
>
> MERCHANT OF VENICE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WONDERS OF OTHER WORLDS.

Hours were occasionally devoted to the appearance of things in those profound labyrinths of the earth, where no combinations of human ingenuity can display them; but I am admonished, by the voluminousness to which this memoir tends, to forego the relation of many stirring displays of Mrs. Fox's splendid gift of clairvoyance, to chronicle the wonders of those distant worlds in the far heavens, which have wheeled through the unsurveyed regions of the sky, in their appropriate orbits, where the same controlling power that bid the restless ocean to limit the action of its proud waves, has kept them in their prescribed routes, since that eventful period when they were first launched into the boundless regions of space.

One pleasant afternoon, business having been

perfectly arranged, that there might be no unnecessary interruption, — Madam, said I, it would oblige me if you would inspect the moon. The proposition was quite acceptable. She had herself often had it in contemplation to try the entire strength of her vision, to points beyond those to which it had heretofore been exerted.

Perhaps thirty minutes elapsed in getting in readiness for observation, and full fifteen more before the moon was recognized. The reason of this was, that hundreds of asteroids, or small opaque bodies were continually flitting before her eyes, greatly impeding the view. By and by she fastened upon it, a huge dark world. Mountains and alternate vallies, as described by astronomers, were the first displays on its gibbous surface. She was then requested to examine the side which, being always turned from the earth, never has been seen, even in outline, by the best telescopes. That portion, therefore, is *terra incognita*. No glasses can reach it ; but she could penetrate its very centre, and come out on the opposite point.

Instantly, as it were, she exclaimed, " I see a long lake, on the margin of which are the queerest animals imaginable. They neither resemble horses or men, yet they have four legs ; the

hind ones being hoofed, but the foremost have claws, long and slender." I urged upon her the importance of marking every particular in the external organization, which I am bound to believe she did with much truth and discretion. In order to make me comprehend their structure, a sketch was made on the spot, corresponding with their exact outline in every respect, which her skill in drawing enabled her to produce with considerable facility.

The fore legs, or arms, were a third longer, according to the picture, than the others, and were covered, as was the whole body, with bright green feathers. Each claw had just three fingers, terminated by a hooked nail, a foot in length. The body bore a little resemblance to that of an ostrich, so that when one of them stood erect, as many of them did on their hind feet, the legs appeared to be articulated to the middle of the abdomen. The lower portion of the belly, therefore, hung down like an inverted one, between the thighs. This was further eked out into a short tail, tufted with a silky kind of hair. In an upright position, the tail came within three feet of the ground. This position was obviously an uncomfortable one, as the tip of the claws, first one side and then the other, were

frequently dropt to the plane of the feet, to maintain a perpendicular. From the union of the arms at the top of the chest, a neck, full twelve feet long, shot out, not more than four inches in diameter, fringed with the same beautiful green hair on the inferior side, like a flowing mane, discoverable on the tail. Nothing could be more striking than the configuration of the head, bearing some slight resemblance to an elephant's; instead of a proboscis, on each side, where ears are located on terrestrial animals, two long, slender, flexible tubes took their origin. They were moved about with the most perfect freedom, in all directions, and through them they probably breathed. A mouth was no where detected, on or about the cranium; but a valvular opening at the root of the neck, into which an odd species of crab was introduced, unquestionably fulfilled the offices of a mouth. While some of these monsters were wading in an erect posture, dragging the bottom with their wide-spreading claws, others sat sunning themselves on the bank, rubbing themselves with handfuls of leaves, or searching each other's feathers for vermin. They appeared social in character, though rather irritable. In actual bulk, they exceeded a moose. No climate, apparently, could be finer, the air seeming to be mild and agreeable.

All the shrubbery about the lake was strangely stinted, though of a lively green; even the rocks, as well as the soil, were extremely green.* Perhaps two miles from that ever-to-be-remembered aquatic spot, a cluster of rude huts rose to view, confined to the brow of a mountain so vastly high that no attempt was ever made, at a subsequent hour of leisure, to measure its altitude. The huts were shaped much like inverted baskets, the doors being low, hardly four feet high, yet Mrs. Fox had a fair opportunity of peeping directly into a number of them. Neither fire or smoke were discernible any where on the moon,

* Mrs. Fox differs but a little, in her description of lunar scenery, from Miss Brackett, who avers that she has been there twice. Miss Brackett, in some respects, was more fortunate in her observations than our Boston friend, as she certainly saw savage men, and once caught them eating out of a wooden bowl, with their bare hands. Now Mrs. Fox was satisfied of the existence of an atmosphere in the moon; whereas, Miss Brackett had great difficulties to overcome on arriving in its neighborhood, on account of not having a physical organization for existing without air. After this fact was ascertained, she invariably held her breath all the time. Mrs. Fox had no such vexations, because the axis of vision was only elongated, and the spirit remained at home. Miss Brackett, on the other hand, merely left her body behind, while the soul drifted off in personæ.

which confirms her in the opinion that no use whatever is made of that element, there, even by those beings possessing the most intelligence. Within the huts, the young of the animals or men, whichever they may be hereafter denominated, were sleeping on piles of lunar vegetables. Hither and thither, troops of this second order of animated figures were loitering about the settlement. None of them exceeded the height of a yard-stick. All were perfectly naked, though profusely ornamented with evergreens entwined around their limbs. Although they had but two arms and two legs, growing from nearly the same point each side of the abdomen, from the usual place of the navel, a fifth limb had its origin, eight feet long. In appearance it was of bone, but made up of a series of distinct articulations, over which they exercised a complete voluntary control. When not in use, it was rolled up out of the way, in a compact manner, like the mainspring of a watch. The only possible use Mrs. Fox could discover of this extraordinary piece of vital mechanism, was this. The creature would project the end till it touched the ground, when, suddenly throwing itself into a horizontal position, keep straightening the instrument, joint by joint, till the body was fearfully balanced on

the very top of a slender pole, as it were. This done, the individual commenced whirling on its axis with inconceivable velocity, hours together. She saw, on several occasions, hundreds of them all amusing themselves together in front of the village of huts, in this singular manner. Another move was made, and she swept the landscape over hills and dales, looking with intense interest on those unexplored lunar fields. Quadrupeds were quite common, though not large. Generally, they were analogous to the feline races of our earth, but varying in this essential particular; they are all of the same bright green by which the semi-bipeds were characterized. Their paws, in all she saw, were disproportionably large and long, and, moreover, they were, as a race, distinguished by appendices to the head, somewhat like miniature probosces. The mechanical advantages of those flexible tubes were of infinite value in holding on at the abrupt sides of the mountains, their natural abodes, about which they habitually roamed.

Birds with four eyes are common in the moon. Their heads, and the shape is uniform in all the specimens of lunar ornithology, were perfectly round, and seemed too ponderous to be supported with ease at the extremity of their long, slender

necks. While at rest, they stood erect, as penguins do,—looking towards all points of the compass, without at all changing the position of either head or body. Mrs. Fox once counted thirty-seven birds all on the wing at once, coming down from a mountain. Some of them were of the dimensions of wild geese, whilst others in the same flock extended their enormous wings over forty feet.

Serpents of monstrous dimensions were always plenty in all the vallies,—covered, too, entirely with green feathers. This is an anomaly which no philosopher, no, not even the most ingenious, has succeeded in explaining upon satisfactory principles, why all the lunar beings of the inferior orders should be clothed in green feathers. When those terrific snakes were running, frequent and sudden stops were made, as though they were alarmed by a noise.

Then slowly raising their blood-red heads, full thirty feet in the air, they gazed round a while, and then resumed their rapid progress. Mrs. Fox assured me that the skeleton seen under the white house in Hartford, was not more offensively horrible than the green serpents of the moon. While gazing intently upon one, as it came winding down the rugged sides of a moun-

A Lunar Locomotive.

tain, partially in sight one moment, then concealed the next by the dark shadows of overhanging rocks, or by the rocks themselves, it came rushing into view, with five new animals, different from any she had then seen, mounted on its back. In truth, they were riding, and a fleet movement it was too, for they rarely run at a less rate than the cars on the Worcester railroad.* As the serpent neared the plain, the peculiarities of the bodily shape of the voltigeurs were distinctly considered. Having dismounted, the obedient serpent vermiculated wherever it chose, which renders it certain that the race has become subservient to the wants

* Mrs. Fox has permitted me to introduce a note here, to correct what would otherwise not have expressed her ideas in the text. When the figure or comparison was made of the relative velocity of the lunar serpents to rail-road speed, she was supposing that the Worcester road was distinguished for its rapidity; but has the mortification, on inquiry, to learn that the corporation have abandoned steam power altogether, and now employ a large variety of snails, called the Carrackfurgus breed, to drag passengers between Boston and Worcester—fare $2, which in humble imitation of the Mede and Persian code, is never to be changed, blow high or low:—a fig for hard times;—let the people stay at home if they can't afford the regular price.

and necessities of the inhabitants, who have domesticated them for personal service.

The men, for so Mrs. Fox felt constrained to call them, were of the common stature of the native Bangorians. They were offensively naked, with the single exception of a mantle suspended from the neck, which resembled the bark of a tree. Their legs were remarkably short, and terminated by claws. Their arms were full of joints, after the fashion of the umbilical apparatus in those she first saw at the lake, and, at their extremities, were quite broad, long-fingered hands.

One of them, after a variety of manœuverings, set a tri-cornered dish on the ground, out of which they gluttonously fed themselves with the proboscis. When the meal was finished, the prehensile mouth was drawn within the head. Females could not be identified from males, nor were any young ones observed; the group was therefore considered to be constituted wholly of adults.

Another section of the lunar surface, judged to be six hundred miles from the habitation of the feathered serpents, was brought into ocular view. Mrs. Fox embraced, in the field of her telesopic vision, about eight hundred square

mountains, indented, at their summits, in the form of craters;—but in lieu of fire being vomited from their towering peaks, a column of moulten liquid kept heaving and boiling over the brims, and then trickled down their gibbous sides to the profound abyss below. All the rivers in the vicinity of these mountains were probably filled with heated water.

It would not have occurred to Mrs. Fox that such was the fact, had she not fortunately been favored with a novel exhibition, confirmatory of this theory. While watching a body of scoriæ, earth and roots bound together in a confused cake, as it floated down the current through the province of Montani, (so christened on account of the general aspect of the country) one of the cat-like animals heretofore described, came leaping down the rocky sides of a terribly steep elevation, pursued by a phalanx of beasts altogether new, differing most singularly from any others brought before her. As the poor frightened cat reached the bank, it sprang with prodigious muscular agility into the midst of the stream, with the intention, doubtless, of landing on the floating mass,—but, missing it—souse she went, entirely under, and though submerged scarcely four seconds, when she came to the surface, every

vestage of skin had been stripped or scalded from the body. All the bare cords and sinews were exposed, even to their origin and insertion on the bones. With the fore paws resting on the edge of the rolling island a moment only, away the miserably creature fell again, and never afterwards came into view.

No mortal ever beheld such unearthly figures before, as were those in pursuit of the moon-cat. They were exceedingly like toads, only altogether superior to those harmless reptiles in size—for they exceeded nine feet in length, by five in breadth across the shoulders. Besides, they had long tails curled over upon the back, armed with three spurs at the end. They projected themselves by leaps, with the hind legs, from seven to ten rods at each successive spring, which gave them manifest advantages over other quadrupeds in point of rapid progression. Good evidence was made of their carnivorous propensity, as Mrs. Fox saw one of them, in apparent rage, grasp the head of a companion, which was severed from the body in a twinkling, and afterwards leisurely eaten,—showing the canibal disposition of the race; others sprang upon the body, tearing it into shreds, which was devoured with ravenous despatch. More than half of this

great troop of moon-toads gave off from the surface of their heads a dense exhalation, like tobacco smoke. It curled and twined above them, like halos round the winter stars.

A characteristic of animated nature in the moon, is facial gravity. All the animals present the expression of deep solemnity or soberness. No playfulness of disposition seems to be manifested on any occasion; but a melancholy sort of sedateness, even when stimulated by the chase, or the presence of society, marks all their movements.*

Near by the grand toad locality, a new scene broke in upon her excited vision, indescribably thrilling. It was a magnificent fountain in the middle of an extensive plain, throwing up a jet

*It was suggested that they were probably living in fear of being deposited in the cabinet of some Natural History Society, those modern Golgothas, in which there are more specimens than science. It must be a melancholy prospect to reflecting animals,—such as monkeys and dromedaries, that if they fall into the hands of any one of the legion of honorary members, there will be no peace to their manes.—There is one gentleman in North America who has the distinguished honor of not being a member of any society,—all the rest of the population, however, able to pay assessments, are enrolled somewhere, —and each one is learned in proportion to his money.

of liquid fire, like molten brass, full three miles in perpendicular height. When it had reached its destined altitude, the summit exceeded in brilliancy an auroral illumination on terra firma, or a shower of meteors on the thirteenth of November.* Whatever the fluid mass might be —it foamed and sparkled in gorgeous splendor,— and when uptost by the resistless force below, it dashed back again upon the margin of the mighty chasm through which it came, in convulsive pulsations. Even at the vast distance at which Mrs. Fox was seated from this pyrotechy of the moon, the scintillations of dazzling light were quite too concentrated for her eyes.

Within twelve miles, judging by comparison, of the burning fountain, a populous settlement rose into view. In the first place, there were

* On the 13th of November, annually, over the city of New Haven, the stars of the firmament play most singular antics; the entertainment usually closes at daylight in the morning, by the spontaneous fall of several hundred firebrands. This phenomenon is significantly called *Olmstead's Benefit Night*, because he feels at liberty to redeluge the learned with a milk and water theory in the American Journal of Science. The first idea of the double cylinder stove, invented by the professor to warm houses without heat, was first suggested by watching the zenith on the 13th.

just twenty-four fabrics, in color like granite, shaded with a changeable blue, built up against rocks, which projected from the sides and base of the mountains.* Some were twenty feet—some a little less, and one exceeded the height of the Park Street steeple. Into this unique tabernacle, or it is possible that it may be a public building devoted to secular business, a long procession was entering, at the instant of being seen,—each individual of which, bearing upon the head, a great green serpent, coiled into the smallest convenient compass.

Every person in the procession had a proboscis, clearly discoverable, but the shape of the head could not be ascertained, on account of the burden upon the shoulders, which concealed it. Their legs were similar to those of the camel, protected at the knees by thick projecting cuticular pads. Thus, in general form of organization,

* On perusing *Incidents of Travels*, by a pert young lawyer, of New York, the reader will be satisfied, as far as the weight of evidence is concerned, that the description of the excavated city of Petra, the capital of Idumea,—where Esau took up his abode, after separating from his brother Jacob, was copied verbatim from Mrs. Fox's notes on the architecture of the moon. How little confidence is to be placed in travellers—why I would hardly believe Willis the dandy poet,—'pon his honor.

they were bona-fide men, with the exception of short tails stuck through the seats of their kilts, which were briskly moved as though they were brushing away a cloud of insects.

Being perfectly exhausted with these anomalous sights, so much at variance with all to which she had before been accustomed, Mrs. Fox expressed an unwillingness to pursue the inquiry any longer. Reluctantly, to be sure, I was compelled to acquiesce in the determination, anxious as I was to know more, by the only certain means the world has known, of that nearest planetary body, about which philosophers have speculated since the commencement of the history of man. Aided as they have been for the last seventy years, by glasses of immense magnifying power, astronomers have after all presented us with only a bare outline of its geological features. No progress can be made in minute surveys by telescopes. To Mrs. Fox, then, is the age indebted for the clearest, most probable and circumstantial accounts of its natural productions and physical appearances.

More than a fortnight passed away before the lady could divest her mind of the images of those beings; they seemed to haunt her in her slumbers, and occupy her thoughts through the

day. There is an inconceivable feeling in realizing, that of the countless billions of human beings who have been upon the stage since the creation, she alone has been the only solitary individual permitted to witness the actual condition of the moon.

However, after exercising as much patience, as a person could in the excited state to which these discoveries had raised me, at the end of two weeks Mr. Fox called at my lodgings one sunny morning, to announce the agreeable intelligence that his lady felt sufficiently recruited to recommence a tour in the heavens. Nothing could have been more acceptable; and the same afternoon, with but little preparation for the long proposed journey, Mrs. Fox ascended to the planet Saturn.

Were I to be minute in chronicling every exclamation that dropped from her lips, or repeat her thousands of surprises on reaching the scene of new wonders, which this jaunt opened to her wondering gaze, there would be scarcely room for any thing else.

Being heartily and devotedly intent on recording simple facts, which I feel a presentiment are to be guiding stars in after times in the sublime study of astronomy,—and withal, sensible of the

impetus that will necessarily be given to the noblest of the exact sciences, it is hardly worth while to apologize for keeping to the letter of the developments. In the appendix of a forthcoming volume, on which I am engaged, with reference to reconciling these discoveries to the known principles of optics, embracing numerous notes and practical illustrations for a college textbook,* it will be my purpose to introduce various collateral proofs and observations that could not with propriety be interwoven here, without swelling the present memoir to inconvenient dimensions.

* I like to keep promising, like a pet bank, that something is forthcoming. This is a mode of keeping the world on the qui vive. A general plan of my proposed literary undertakings for the ensuing spring, bear a striking resemblance to Mr. Graham's lectures on the laws of life. Call on three hundred and four of his famished followers in the city of Boston, for particulars, or Fanny Wright Durismont's disciples, which are as plenty as quack doctors, ten to a street.

> "There is enough written upon this earth,
> To stir a mutiny in the mildest thought,
> And arm the minds of infants to exclaim,"—
>
> TITUS ANDRONICUS.

CHAPTER IX.

EXTRAORDINARY SIGHTS.

Never were astronomers more greatly deceived, than in all they have told us of the planet Saturn. In the first place, its magnitude is but about one-eighth of what those retailers of the marvellous have unwarrantably represented. An ocular deception is something of an apology for them; but, with their high pretensions to accuracy, they ought to have detected that peculiar law of light which gives an apparent increase to a body at certain distances. When parallel rays leave a luminous object in celestial space, at ten trillions of leagues from the sun, the true magnitude of that body from which the rays are reflected, are inversely as the square of the distance.*

* Those only, possessing the true phrenological bumpifications, will fathom these propositions. Education does

Probably this is the first public effort to correct the blunders of those nomades of the upper air. Again, they describe Saturn as being surrounded or rather embraced by two vast rings, one within the other, with a space intervening of some thousands of miles; and, lastly, give a climax to their romantic description, by declaring that he is attended, in his endless circuit, by seven obedient moons.

For the honor of science, and for the honor too of these United States, I hope the press will lend its energetic aid in sweeping away the mist of ignorance which has thus far enveloped this sublime study, by circulating far and wide the revelations of this chapter. But, were the fraternity of type-setters to withhold their important co-operation, the light of reason, the doctrine of analogies, and, above all, the free spirit of common sense, ere long, must totally overthrow the

nothing towards instilling ideas; there must be a cerebral organization, sui generis, to be an astronomer. In Massachusetts, lamentable as it is, there are but two classes of individuals who can profit by the exposition of this fundamental law of light, viz. the editors of Almanacs and the gentlemen conducting the celebrated trigonometrical survey under the auspices of the legislature. To the lucid report of the latter, all the people are referred, who pay taxes.

monstrous absurdities of the present boasted triumphs of modern astronomy.

Mrs. Fox watched those great horizontal hoops which encircle Saturn, many tedious hours before discovering their true composition and their utility in the economy of that planet. At length the point was gained; for there was an unfolding, as it were, of the mystery of their structure and relationship to their primary. Instead of two rings, there is but one, and that is nothing more nor less than a collection of water, so exactly balanced in space, that, having once been set in motion and partaken of the rotary movement of Saturn, whose diurnal and forward velocity is prodigious, inconceivably rapid, full a million of miles a day, that the aqueous collection can never become erratic or wander from its prescribed orbit. The momentum it has acquired maintains its integrity.

When the solar heat acts upon one half of it, as it does, fifteen years at a time, alternately, first on one side and then on the other, an immensity of it is evaporated. As the vapor expands till it comes within the attractive influence of the planet, whose atmosphere is cold as Greenland, it is instantly condensed, and falls on portions of Saturn in copious rains. Periodical

rains, therefore, are established there, as in equatorial latitudes on our earth. In the West Indies, for example, the rainy season lasts about three months; but there, fifteen complete years. On the other hand, when this water exhales from the deluged soil, vegetation, &c., the inclination of the sun is such in regard to the ring, that it becomes extremely cold on that half of the planet, even several degrees below the ordinary temperature indicated by a thermometer in the Streights of Sunday. Thus, the vapor, as it is raised by solar might, rushes off till it meets the distant atmosphere, when it again becomes condensed and mingles with its primitive element in the ring. Thus, there is a ceaseless action continually going on between Saturn and his watery belt; the former being fertilized and invigorated by the water, which is returned home when the object of its mission has been accomplished.

What an admirable arrangement is this! Could puny man, the little thing of a day, with all his boasted intelligence, contrive mechanism like this? Who can contemplate these glorious displays, this harmonious circle of action, producing, in a far distant world, all the benefits derived from the regular succession of day and

night, although of fifteen years uninterrupted duration, and not exclaim that he is of no account in the undefined universe,—an invisible moat, floating on the ocean of time? *

By repeated observations, Mrs. Fox ascertained, for a moral certainty, that the seven satellites so constantly adverted to in connection with Saturn, are pure balls of fire, playing about their primary, under the restraints imposed upon them by well-known laws of attraction and repulsion. Without those hot bodies and the device of their harmonious arrangement, another of those glori-

* To admire, one should learn the art. Miss Martineau is cordially referred to, as an admirable example to follow in disciplining oneself that way. Dr. Paley, Mr. Dick, and the Messrs. Abbots, are tame authors, and by no means worth the attention of those who love to exalt themselves and refine the heart by easy contemplations. Miss Martineau has the true fire of genius, the poetry of conception. Had she been a man instead of an old maid, there is no calculating what her destiny would have been on her late visit to this infantile country. As it was, she was not insensible to the flatteries of sycophants in surplice, who hoped for immortality in her diary. Her ingratitude to that select few who bellowed into her capacious ears all the slander of the continent, must feel happily recompensed for the just tribute of respect expressed by her for the government, institutions, manners and customs of the United States.

ous displays referred to by the literati, the globe of Saturn would be wholly unfit for the residence of organized beings. The transcendant heat constantly radiated from those brilliant moons, as they are universally though improperly called, is sufficient to keep the solid earth warmed, and maintain the vitality of animal and vegetable life. It seems to be mainly by the absorption of calorific rays that this beneficial life-preserving effect is produced. The sun has no agency whatever in maintaining the requisite degree of temperature, being at a distance altogether too great to excercise even a remote influence. Eclipses of the moons of Saturn, in the language of the old philosophers, or rather as we are taught by the present discoveries, involves nothing that is mysterious in their phenomena; indeed, to give credit where it is due, the books of science are measurably correct in the declaration that the rays from the sun are occasionally interrupted in the course which they have a tendency to run, by Saturn himself, and this gives the appearance of an eclipse of one or more of the fire-balls.

When it happens that any one of the seven receives the direct, though necessarily feeble light, from the centre of the solar system, the

appearance is vivid. Friction, or the resistance of invisible matter in the regions through which their several orbits pass, keeps up the maximum heat, which is always the same.

This fluid or matter, whatever it may be, is both elastic, invisible and impenetrable, contributing always the elements of fire. On the surface of Saturn there are no stupendous mountains, no deep ravines, as in the cheerless moon.

Nature in the fair climate of Saturn, assumes her most captivating aspect, and, from all that can be ascertained, it is altogether the happiest residence in which mortals could be placed in the nebulæ to which the seven worlds of the solar system belongs. Nine great cities, magnificent beyond description, the quiet habitations of intelligent beings, were all minutely examined at one sitting, being within the circumference of a circle embraced by the eye. They occupied an apparent area of one hundred miles, guarded on their suburban boundaries by tremendous great hollow spheres, rolling with unearthly speed just outside the gates, laden with Anacks. These balls varied considerably in size, some being a thousand feet in diameter, and others falling below two hundred—bearing to each other the relative proportions of large and small vessels, entering in or sailing out of port.

These curious vehicles rolled amazingly rapidly, not only round individual cities, but also from one to the other, with the facility of well-managed coaches on a high way. It was obvious, by the uniform movements of the larger class which continually ran around the extreme boundaries of a city, that they were some way connected with a vigilant police regulation.*

In the axes of the balls, (for so I continue to designate them, because I am an admirer of simplicity of language in descriptive narrative,) there are extremely large round openings, so that, in passing, Mrs. Fox looked clear through to the opposite circular window. Within, on a level with the under side of the polar axis window, a sort of a flooring was rigged, suspended

* Rapid driving, in New York and Boston, indicates a disposition to copy their neighbors in Saturn; but it shows, at the same time, a most miserable lack of energy in certain officers, who permit reckless Jehus to crack the bones of women and children, every other day in the year, as though they were offered in sacrifice to the tutelar deity of the city. Of all municipal laws, let those which have been enacted to preserve the citizens, be rigidly enforced. We know not, having never inquired, but all those old-fashioned wholesome restraints upon furious driving in our thronged streets have been repealed, and the omnibusses, are put in commission to cheapen provisions by killing off the inhabitants.

by some ingenious contrivance, so that it remained still and level, notwithstanding the motion of the outside shell. Sliding doors were opened and closed, just as the current of air and other circumstances were agreeable or disagreeable. There, with a delightful prospect before them, groups of travellers were seen crowding to the window to enjoy the beautiful scenery. From the piles of bales, boxes, trunks, &c. observed in the back ground, beyond the passengers, it was evident they were strangers from a distant province.

Mrs. Fox noticed that way-passengers were continually alighting from the window, even burdened by baggage, without experiencing apparent inconvenience, although the vehicle never stopped for any one to make an exit. What amazed her very much, was the fact that no one seemed to suffer the least inconvenience from leaping, even from the highest balls, as with us in stepping from a carriage, when under way. A different kind of structure, therefore, a higher degree of finish in the mechanical construction of the locomotive apparatus, must be accorded to the favored Saturnians.

Puzzling as it is to explain how or upon what principle these hollow spheres are kept in motion,

I shall hazard the opinion that the true perpetual motion, so long sought for here, has there been discovered, and applied to the propulsion of engines. Outside they are uniformly smooth, and nothing appears, not even a screw head, to lead to a knowledge of the arrangement of wheels or pinions within.*

No style or magnitude of architecture known to the ancients, will compare with the lofty edifices on the face of Saturn. Out of thousands of private dwellings, not one single house, with the exception of out-houses, was less than a quarter of a mile in height, all beautifully proportioned, and the best class standing within eme-

* Mr. Fox suggested that the mysterious power so advantageously applied by the ingenious Saturnians, might be electro-magnetism; nor can he be diverted from the notion that Dr. Page and Mr. Davenport got their first hint for constructing those queer models at the Mechanics' Fair, by a stealthy peep at the manuscript of this book. The doctor being a Salem man, born on the spot where the witches were tried, it is possible, barely possible, that he obtained his knowledge in that way. As for Mr. Davenport, he is exculpated from all participation in the matter. His model is enough to convince the most stupid men in the universe, (I mean the Joint Stock Company engaged in building a mammoth Electro-Magnetic locomotive for the Haerlem Rail-road) it was never copied; it is every inch his own invention.

rald enclosures of surpassing richness. From whatever point they were viewed, even at different hours, when the reflected light might be supposed to modify, they always had a dazzling metallic lustre, not unlike burnished gold when held up to a blazing sun in a summer day.

They are without transparent windows or hinged doors; the necessity of the former was never manifested by inclemency of the weather, and with respect to the latter, a much prettier plan is pursued there, of having them slide, like those between communicating parlors. Chimneys were never observed, which led Mrs. Fox to suspect that, like the Grahamites, the people subsist wholly upon vegetable productions, uncooked.* Most of them have verandahs towards

* Never were simpletons more ungenerously and libellously treated, than the persecuted Grahamites. Misrepresentation and glaring falsehoods have been in vogue against them long enough. So far from living exclusively on vegetables, as wickedly promulgated, they are the most ravenous meat-eaters on the globe, always excepting ———, who requires a stream of Madeira at the expense of the Corporation, to work away dull care. Why, that persecuted saint,—that meek, that heavenly-minded sufferer in the cause of long life, whose innate modesty so seals his lips that "he never said a foolish word," the great inventor of the humbug himself, always dines on roast beef when out of the way of his silly, moonshine followers.

the streets, arranged in terraces, one above the other, to the highest story. This gives a fine effect, and might be imitated here, particularly when favored with a southern aspect, to good advantage.*

In all great thoroughfares of the cities, the broadways, the doors were open, and Mrs. Fox made very exact sketches of what she saw. Of this, however, the particulars will be given in the second volume, which is appropriated to the consideration of practical agriculture, ornamental gardening, and the predominant fashions of dress and furniture, in vogue with the Saturnians.

As a general rule, in the exact centre of every street, which were paved with blocks of wood, like the specimen patch in New-York, on which the mayor's children play, there is a raised platform, resembling a bowling-alley, perhaps six

* Although the thought has been suggested, I have no reason for believing that the galleried house between Atkinson and Federal streets, in which the Berry Street Rangers, a mighty band of ferocious fellows are supposed to hold their midnight orgies, is an imitation of a Saturnian gentleman's house. The Berry Street architectural wonders, reflecting odoriferous honor upon the name of the contriver, is entirely original, and among the curiosities of Boston.

hundred feet in width, over which the locomotive balls of the third order, such as are permitted within the city, are forever rolling on in monotonous grandeur. No other vehicles were ever seen there by Mrs. Fox, although much time was given to the investigation.

Neither external mechanical aid or living power was any where applied on the outside, which amounts to a confirmation of the opinion, that the perpetual motion has certainly been discovered there. All travelling in Saturn is performed in this unique manner.

The streets were filled with multitudes, passing and repassing each other, as in our large towns,—and the balls, teaming with those bent on business, and those, for aught we know, on fleeting pleasure, were shooting by each other and through streets and lanes and the byways of the country, as though conscious of their strength. As far as any of the magnificent avenues were examined, the balls were seen going with different velocities, till lost in the maze of perspective. All communications between cities and distant provinces is probably maintained through their agency. Were a spectator raised in a balloon eight thousand feet directly over Boston, and in looking down should

discover spherical bodies, of twenty, thirty and forty feet in diameter, rolling through the streets by an invisible impulse, and should notice the Salem turnpike, the road to Cambridge, and other principal avenues leading to the town, studded with those bodies, laden with passengers, both entering and departing from the city,—he would have something of a correct idea of the mode of intercourse in the planet Saturn.

Men were infinitely numerous there,—in all respects made as we are made, but magnificently developed: they all averaged twenty-five feet in height. Nothing is more astonishing than man, as he shows himself in Saturn;—truly, he looks like the lord of the soil. Clothing is not required to any burdensome extent. The only fabric worn, is a kind of sparkling armor, of the richest workmanship. The legs, arms and body were enclosed, apparently for effect, not as a necessary condition on account of the climate. Great majesty is depicted in their countenances; and the proportions of their limbs, the exact symmetry of their figures, together with the grand display of their comforts, industry, contentment and happiness, raised the curiosity of Mrs. Fox to the highest degree of admiration.

Mrs. Fox became satisfactorily convinced

that this was the abode of a happy race, where neither envy, guile, backbiting or slander had a foothold.

The Saturnian cities are of prodigious magnitude and surpassing magnificence, in every respect. Philadelphia, with all its internal excellencies, in comparison with one of those in a distant world, is but a mere moat by the side of a mountain. Streets do not intersect each other at right angles, but describe concentric circles,—one within the other;—hence the exterior one of all is truly prodigiously long. From the centres of the nine metropolitan cities, particularly noticed, where stands the strangest public buildings ever devised, narrow pathways intersect the streets.

More than two hours were devoted to a survey of the exterior of the citadel, if such is its purpose, in city *a*, so marked in the lithographic plans of the natural and artificial divisions of Saturn. In the first place, its magnitude is terrific, being on the same grand architectural scale which distinguishes even private houses of the common citizens. It was computed to be, from the threshold of the front door, to the eves —one half a mile.—Cupolas, spires, domes or minarets are unknown, or, if they are, it is cer-

tain they are not fashionable. Its grand figure is something between an octagon, a circle, a cube and a circle,—therefore difficult to explain.*

On the top of the walls, (for it is without a roof, like the towers of gothic churches,) singular animals are chained down by massive rings. They conducted as though the point of ambition was to get at each other, but the chains were too short to allow of contact.

Some of those mural ornaments, if such was the purpose in confining them at that giddy height, differed in every possible respect from the inferior animals of the moon. Their bodies

* The South Cove Hotel, now building opposite the Worcester rail-road depot, is more like that in the text, that is, *indescribable*, than any other in America. Wisely the name of the architect has been kept out of sight, having been forced by a pile, driven when the foundation was laid, beyond the prying reach of vulgar posterity. The rumor that the company by whom it is erected have taken out a patent right, is firmly contradicted. Neither is it believed that the company intend to be entombed in the court which the hotel surrounds. No proposition of the kind was ever brought forward to be sanctioned by the hawk-eye committee, nor by Mr. * * * * *, who concocts, pro bono publico. When the street in front of the hotel is made a trifle narrower, the beauty of this structure, apparently a great gloomy rat-trap, even worse than the new granite court-house, will be properly appreciated.

were just three square, like a file, and apparently as hard, by reason of formidable black scales. These triangular frames varied in length from one to two hundred and thirty-seven feet in length, terminated by a head at each extremity. On the under side, the ridge of the back being one angle, were hundreds of legs, after the manner of centipedes, those in the middle being much the longest, and each one expanded into a broad palmated foot, analogous to a frog's.

As might be supposed, the centre of motion was at the insertion of the central limbs. Balanced on these, the body each way was occasionally violently raised into the air, held down at that point by the chain, while their awfully constructed jaws gnashed together with horrific force. Being without teeth, they had a compensation in the copious secretion of a bright yellow venom, which was spirted from their yawning mouths like lava from a volcano.

Another animal, belonging to a different species, also triangular, and provided with two heads, as was repeatedly noticed to be the characteristic of all the Saturnian genera, had, beside wings, one solitary leg, projecting from the middle of its abdomen. It possessed the elastic property of a spiral spring. Leaping as

far as its ponderous chain would permit, the whole weight of the body fell on the end of this limb, which was thus forcibly compressed till the superincumbent weight nearly touched the wall, when a reaction took place—the leg elongating to its utmost extent, lifting the body vertically as long as the elastic property was in exercise, but just before being wholly expended, another leap followed. Whether all this was the effect of rage or an evidence of playfulness, could not be determined.

Despairing of picturing by a written description their appearance, as described by Mrs. Fox, I must forego any further account of these nondescripts, because they differ so singularly from those familiar to us in the confined limits of civilization, that my veracity might be called in question were further details given of their organization.

I am fully aware of the scepticism that will be expressed by the best informed people in the community, with regard to these revelations. We have become accustomed to a certain style of animal mechanics, conducive to a certain circle of motions, adapted to the physical well-being of each species; hence, to surprise the reader by deviations from the familiar standard of construc-

tion, as he views each class, would only excite suspicion that good faith and honesty had nothing to do with this memoir. We are not prepared, in fact, for these sudden surprisals; the very nature therefore of Mrs. Fox's inquiries, because they are altogether in advance of the age, will be slow in carrying conviction to the minds of those who never think for themselves.

As before remarked, the building being without a covering, gave Mrs. Fox an opportunity of looking directly from above into its numerous apartments. In some of them were travelling balls, laid up in ordinary; in others, martial trophies, coats of mail, regal jewels, &c. Almost an army of females were caged up in a suit of delightful rooms. Adjoining them was a royal saloon containing thirty-two acres on the floor, profusely ornamented with glittering stars fixed to the walls, sparkling and blazing like a series of noon-day suns. All the ladies had heavy diadems upon their heads. Fifty, of surpassing dignity, in addition to crowns, had golden serpents suspended from their ears and elbows. Bracelets of burnished gold also bedecked their arms and ankles, and boquets of flowers vying with the iridescent glories of the rainbow, confined by diamond clasps, were seen

upon their shoulders. Neither shoes or stockings, or indeed any dress covered their feet, unless a profusion of chased rings on all their toes, comes under the denomination of hosiery.

About their persons a flowing drapery, carelessly drawn on, yet extremely elegant from the negligence with which it was worn, constituted their sole covering. Their arms were bare to the shoulders, and so were the legs to the knees. Some were dancing, some playing on musical instruments, and many more engaged in games of chance. It was deeply exciting to Mrs. Fox to witness the feat of jumping the rope, one of her school-girl pastimes, which seemed to be as popular in Saturn as at a modern gymnasium. No females on our globe bear the least sort of proportion to them ;—not one of them being less than twenty feet tall.

To clear the cord, one lady jumped so high that Mrs. Fox feared all her bones would be fractured on striking the floor. There is nothing, however, very surprising in this stupendous exercise, with a rope equalling a moderate cable : every thing is in that proportion in Saturn.

An instrument on which one of the inmates of this gilded room played twice in one afternoon, while Mrs. Fox was gazing in upon the coterie, was fashioned somewhat like a tamborine, yet

it was without a parchment head. Across the hoop were stretched a lot of stiff parallel, inelastic bars, one inch in diameter, four inches apart, or thereabout. On those were metallic balls, perforated through their centres, and strung on the rods, so as to slide freely either way.

From some unaccountable circumstance which Mrs. Fox would never reveal, I have totally failed in every attempt to elicit any thing further on this subject of Saturn. Abruptly, however, as the developments have been brought to a close, the candid inquirer after truth, the student of nature and the philosopher, will appreciate the value of these discoveries, and estimate the transcendant advantages accruing to science from the right application of Animal Magnetism in the hands of the wise and learned. It is my private opinion, that Mrs. Fox was shocked by a very terrible discovery in one of the citadel saloons, and rather than recall the subject, apparently so dreadfully disagreeable, she chooses to remain perfectly silent. The public may rest assured that whenever she renews the narrative, if not too voluminous for publication, the relation shall appear at a future day.*

* By consulting those excellent authorities, Col. Stone's Letter, Durant's Memoir of Silk-Worms, Poyen's History

CHAPTER X.

UNTHOUGHT OF MATTERS.

By an infinitude of trigonometrical calculations, Jupiter, the mammoth of the heavens, reputed to be 89,170 English miles in diameter, important errors have been detected, of consequence to science. Now his distance from the earth is also declared to be 490 millions of miles, and has a revolution on his own axis, making a day and a night, in precisely nine hours and fifty-six minutes. These memoranda will prepare the reader for duly estimating the value of the following astounding discoveries.

of Animal Magnetism in New-England, and Professor Wayland on the Moral Laws of Accumulation, some insight may be gained into the cause of the freaks and fantasies of somnambulists. Very satisfactory reasonings might be collected from the pages of the Family Magazine for a thousand strange matters. The Massachusetts R— is another, and the Annuals of Education is another, and the publications of all candid abolitionists.

To Animal Magnetism, the noblest and last discovered of the liberal sciences, is intellectual man indebted for all that he knows with certainty of other worlds. Without the provision of a somnambule, to this hour, doubt and obscurity would have enveloped the mechanism of the solar system. Notwithstanding the learned researches of La Place, that which has called forth the wonder and admiration of unnumbered generations, from the creation of Adam, the structure, order and internal condition of the planetary system, is now brought down into particulars, and is destined to become an ordinary parlor topic, divested of all the romance and false coloring which ignorance invariably attaches to what is not comprehended.

How singular and thrilling must have been the inward sensations of that favored of the human race, Mrs. Fox, in realizing the fact that of all nations and tongues under heaven, she alone is the only individual who has been indulged with the solitary, yet ennobling satisfaction of looking through all space, wherever the will was directed, and yet lives to be conscious of it all; to relate minutiæ, and to be grateful for the high distinction of being the chosen vessel for promulgating these revelations, which have been made

to her ecstatic vision. She would be wanting in honest pride, were she insensible of the glory that will henceforward be attached to her name in all future annals, in being the humble instrument of instructing mankind in the sublime study of the universe. Nor does the weight of responsibility in permitting me to record these incalculably important discoveries, operate otherwise than to humble her to the dust in view of all that she has seen.

Jupiter is an unfinished planet; it is at this moment in a process of evolution, to become ultimately the fit residence of animated beings, none having yet been developed there. With the same scrupulous exactness of observation which has characterized all Mrs. Fox's observations, she conceives that the nucleus of Jupiter is one tremendous central fire, enveloped by a sphere of water, two thousand, three hundred and eleven miles in thickness. Volcanic eruptions are frequently taking place and bursting through a dense crust intervening between the molten mass within, and the water without. This crust she determined, by a regularly devised scale of admeasurement, to be one thousand, nine hundred and two feet in thickness. She witnessed repeated outbreakings through this

shell, as though a mighty, resistless internal force hove onward till it burst through, and the rent edges being raised above the water, there remained like the ragged edges of a crater, high and dry above the roaring ocean. From the open mouth thus formed, flame, smoke, ignited rocks, themselves mighty and terrific in dimensions, were whirled above the surging billows, and when they fell, the waters hissed and boiled and foamed in awful violence. Ejected lavas have accumulated in spots and adhered to the steep sides of these nucleii of burning mountains, increasing the lateral diameter and strengthening the walls of the volcanic tube leading into the profound abyss below, till the elements of continents begin to show themselves. She doubts not that these disruptions have been gradually going on under the sure influence of certain physical laws, perhaps for millions of years, and millions more may be required to separate the water into distinct seas. On a central fire, then, does the whole chain of physical revolutions depend for raising Jupiter to the condition of other sections of the solar system. These grand displays have for their object to prepare it for the occupancy of organized beings, destined in the great plan of creative wisdom, to roam over its

widely extended surface and bask in its future sunshine of blissful prosperity.

Those meridian belts on its outer surface, by which it is designated from the fixed stars, are the incipient foundations of mountain ranges, which will ultimately become much more strongly marked, and therefore be classed among the most striking points of reference in astronomical calculations.

When I assert that animals have not yet been created in Jupiter, I speak expressly of air-breathing animals, the latest always in the order of equivocal generation : in the encircling ocean there, monsters were noticed by Mrs. Fox, of gigantic proportions and unique construction. They unquestionably hold the same relationship to the changing planet that the extinct *saurians* did, that once held the entire control over our earth, before the higher and more complicated orders came into existence. If it is questioned, what I now assert, that ages and ages of an indefinite duration, before man, aquatic monsters held possession of this earth, I beseech those who would throw obstacles in the way, or obscure the path of the geologist, to remember that the skeletons of those antideluvians, those original proprietors of this fair globe, are in

every museum of distinction in Europe and America.

These gigantic lizards were from fifty to one hundred feet in length; the *plesiosaurus* and many others, now denominated fossil remains, tell their own story. They once lived, but when, no science can determine. Their species too was propagated—for more than one specimen has been recovered. As they are detected in every climate and in all regions, throughout the continents and islands, it proves how universally they were dispersed over the whole.

We have a fair and unquestionable history of six thousands years, the Mosaic chronology—a period in which man has exercised his high prerogative of being the lord of creation; yet in all that time, no animal bearing the least resemblance to the frames of these excavated remains, has any where been discovered; their utter extinction, therefore, is firmly established. Once they lived—but in what age? They were all blotted from existence, but who can decide the epoch?

CHAPTER XI.

A JAUNT TO THE SUN.

From immemorial time, [men of all ages and in all countries where the human intellect has developed its energies,]—speculations have been advanced on the probable construction and real office of the sun, on that splendid system of worlds by which it is surrounded, without gaining that certain knowledge which can alone be satisfactory. It shines as it did on the eventful morning of its creation, six thousand years ago, and yet philosophers know no more about its organization than when Joshua commanded it to stand still.

True, his diameter in geographical miles has been determined to be 883,000, and that twenty-five days, fourteen hours and eight minutes are occupied in turning once round on his axis; but what is there in all this that is at all remarkable?

We are a people delighting in particulars; we cannot rest with an imperfect disclosure, or tolerate a half-told tale. Being myself under the urging influence of this national trait, I besought Mrs. Fox to lend her aid once more, to clear up a mystery in the heavens, and it affords me unfeigned pleasure to declare, that in every instance, though often fatigued and prostrated through the shocks which her extreme sensibility received by the clear views she had of unsuspected sights, in this and other worlds, she seemed always in readiness to make her transcendant gift of clairvoyancy subservient to the highest purposes of cultivated science.

At the conclusion of so many experiments, it required considerable preparation to reconnoitre the central point from whence a series of worlds got their impetus, and whose momentum is regulated by its own undivulged agency. When suitable arrangements had been completed, I sat by the side of Mrs. Fox, with a resolution of recording whatever she might reveal, being assured, from constant watchfulness over her, that imagination never swayed her judgment, nor had she any motive for making false representations. Implicit confidence may be placed in every assertion emanating from her, and I

hold myself responsible to the world at large for the fidelity with which this record of her great discoveries has been executed.

On arriving in spirit* within nine hundred and seventy-five miles of the main body of the great Sol himself, so judged for reasons Mrs. Fox did not at the moment stop to explain, she found it nearly impossible to breathe. After repeated attempts to pass through an invisible medium conjectured to be the atmosphere of the sun, her lungs were clogged and choked so badly, that she was heartily rejoiced to wend her way back again with all convenient despatch. We talked over this unlooked-for hindrance, nor did we, or those with whom we conversed, comprehend how that the functions of the body should be operated upon by the chemical composition of the atmosphere of a distant globe, in the absence of the soul.

Now, I lay it down as a fundamental position, that the spiritual part of our being, the rational,

*I am continually falling into the expressions of the Providence people, who always speak of their travelling somnambulists as having departed in spirit—the body being dead to sensations till its return. Now, Mrs. Fox was frequently in doubt whether her power of vision extended to all distances, or whether her soul was verily moving by an act of volition.

thinking, incorporeal soul, always leaves the body in these clairvoyant expeditions, and yet Mrs. Fox maintains the contrary opinion, by assuring me that the rays of light from luminous objects, however distant, traverse to the eye; so that it is merely an elongation of the axis of vision, and not, as I suppose, a migration of the soul. But, waving all theories, it is sufficient to assure the reader that no less than three several trials were made before she passed through the non-breathing space, and reached the solid substance of the fountain of light.*

At my suggestion, she suspended herself mid-air, and allowed the sun to roll over on his diurnal route, that she might the more advantageously inspect the surface as it passed onward

* A wonderful coincidence this,—with Miss Brackett's account of her voyage to the moon. The difficulty of inflating the lungs came very near driving her to the city of Providence, although ample preparations had been made for a grand journal. Like Mrs. Fox, she ultimately succeeded, and the particulars have been often related by herself to those stupid asses who could afford leisure to hear the recital. But this was nothing to being sea-sick on a voyage to Charleston, South Carolina. Certificates to prove that she actually vomited on the parlor carpet, may be seen in the next edition of Col. Stone's history of Animal Magnetism.

under her feet. Still, she averred that she had not left Boston, but was in personæ, in her own quiet parlor. Here the regular investigation commenced.

The sun,—the ever-shining sun, the life-giving, invigorating luminary of a beautiful combination of inhabited and partially developed spheres, is made up, apparently, of concentric lumina of transparent matter, like the crystalline lens of the eye. These coats are nine thousand miles in thickness, the innermost one embracing a ball of luminous substance intensely dazzling, defying all description, and equalling in bulk four globes the size of our earth. Each one of these strata possesses a highly reflecting as well as refracting property. Outside, or rather on the sun's surface, there is a deep rich soil, as fine as levigated gold dust, or rather an impalpable powder, having a specific gravity of inconceivable weight. It is so very solid that the smallest particle which could possibly be collected on the extreme point of a fine needle, would weigh about four tons. Thus, though perfectly a dust, the admirable contrivance of its having great ponderosity, always keeps the soil from being blown away, a circumstance of immense importance to the Solarians, should it by accident

ever occur. Now this impalpable soil is equally as transparent as the main body of the planet. How splendidly glorious is all this! Matchless, aye, overwhelming are these magnificent displays in the far-spread universe.

But with this unique provision for reflecting and refracting light, the sun does not originate a single ray. Light is the offspring of infinite Power, whose presence cannot be witnessed by man, and live;—whose laboratory is in the secret labyrinths of a changeless eternity;—but we are permitted to philosophize on the effects, nay, causes and effects, without knowing whether we are right or wrong in those abstract investigations, which are of no utility, even were they made plain to a child.

"How glorious is the sun," might all its trillion of happy intelligences sing in elevated chorus! Surely, it is the Eldorado of the poet's imagination. It is the region where the soul of him who was designed to inhabit it, pours out the full splendor of its innate power.

But I will restrain myself from farther expressions of delight in Mrs. Fox's glowing account of the blissful surface of the sun, to detail the circumstances connected with its illuminating properties.

At an indeterminate distance from the body of the sun, far beyond the non-breathing space, there is a sphere of luminous vapor, something like a fog in a bright sunshine. Thus the sun itself is balanced in the centre of a hollow ball of phosphorescent haze. What this is we never can know, for we have no means of conducting a chemical analysis. This is light itself, concentrated; and to make that quantity which will enable our imperfect optics to perceive, it must be variously diluted by passing through millions of miles, through variously composed atmospheres, and lastly become altered by the finely organized retina with which a benevolent Creator has condescended to bless us.

The action of the nucleus of the sun, on this distant cloud of light, is among the most extraordinary phenomena in the whole range of nature. A sort of boiling commotion takes place at some point of this condensed light, which keeps increasing till it bursts with the fury of an ocean wave against an iron-bound coast, dashing and rending the whole mass for millions of miles in extent, in the twinkling of an eye, accompanied, it is presumable, by awful detonations, heavier than any artillery in the earth's aërial domains. Then another disruption will follow in quick

succession, and another, and another;—some of these rents exceeded four hundred millions of miles in length by one hundred thousand in breadth. The vacuum thus instantly formed by the convulsive action, leaves a long black cavity, which, seen from this earth, is called a black spot on the sun. When there is an universal activity going on in the way of disruption, a chain or a series of black belts seem to pass over the sun's face, obscuring his fructifying influence, felt here in the unproductiveness of the season, and in the cold, hazy atmosphere, which apparently chills the air, and stints vegetation as it rises from the mother earth.

Whatever the composition of the sphere of light may be, I know not; but after its chaotic atoms have been acted upon by the central diamond of the sun, rays shoot out from the mass, and in the process of adjustment from confusion to order, the rupture takes place and a perceptible light is evolved, such as illuminates an object to be recognised by the eye. When light, therefore, once assumes the form of pencils of rays, the highly reflecting property of the whole body of the sun throws it with an impelling force that drives it through an indefinite distance;—perhaps they would move in a right line forever

and ever, were they not at any time intercepted by the interposition of opaque bodies floating through the dark empire of eternity. This sufficiently explains the whole matter of the origin of light. I now intend to confine myself to Mrs. Fox's lucid description of the sun as a habitable residence.

It has before been remarked that the soil was as perfectly transparent as the interior of its body, out of which grows spontaneously every variety of elegant tree and flower the most active imagination can conceive of, spreading, it is presumed, a fragrance as exhilerating and delightful through the air, as the olfactory organs of the inhabitants can bear. Fruits of all hues, from the golden yellowness of the orange, to the purple, scarlet and red, the violet and purple, hang in luxuriant profusion from every twig and bough; a new crop springing into maturity the instant a stem is disencumbered of its weight. All that could invite the appetite or satisfy the cravings of a gourmand, of a vegetable nature, are crowding into view wherever the observer turns.

A plant apparently peculiar to the sun, as it was no where seen in the other planets, yielded an immense crop of small quadrupeds, resembling pigs, which no sooner reached the full period of

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Vegetable Pigs.

maturity, roasted on the stem,—and if not plucked, fell to the ground in the course of eight hours, and were succeeded by another set, which passed through the same singular changes. Mrs. Fox occasionally saw parties dining in groves, whose table was supplied directly from the tree with this animo-vegetable diet. These vegetable pigs were never taken before ripe; those in the growing state seemed lively, tied as they were at the extremity of a twig, a hundred feet high, working their little feet and sweeping insects with their slender whip-lash tails in frolicsome playfulness.

Another tall, bushy tree, not unlike an oak, bore the true Turkey sheep,—but they were necessarily dressed for the table, though no kind of cooking was required. It appeared that by taking off the hide, the action of the common air imparted to the meat the sapid quality required, to be relished. Poultry, much larger than any species sold in our markets, together with ducks, snipes, woodcocks, pigeons, &c. are all produced on trees, and drop off, the moment they are eatable. Thus I might particularize an infinitude of delicacies, of an animal character, produced in this extraordinary manner, showing, incontestibly that they were ex-

pressly designed for the sustenance of solarian man.

With the exception of these vegeto-animated productions, no animals exist in the sun. Intelligent beings, and those of surpassing comeliness, are the exclusive possessors of that divine region. The population is prodigiously numerous, leading Mrs. Fox to the opinion that death has no victims there. This probably arose from the consideration of the magnitude of the Sun, and the ample provision made for sustaining multitudes upon multitudes, beyond all human computation.

Neither dwellings or temples marred the resplendent beauty of this angelic residence of purified man. Nothing but the clear sky above canopies the dwellers of that unsurpassed world, who offer up their regular adorations at specific periods, on magnificent altars fabricated out of precious stones. Some of those are equal to the Egyptian pyramids in perpendicular altitude, though far exceeding them at the base. They present much the same appearance that the White Mountains would, were the principal elevations hewn into gigantic cones; the sides are so gradually inclined that people could ascend and descend with perfect ease.

Around and on the angles of those resplendent points of worship, millions were often seen kneeling; all facing the apex, on which stood the supposed pontifex maximus, with his extended hands raised in the attitude of blessing the immense assembly below. No symptom of idolatry was detected, if the expression of the face, the upraised eye, the spontaneous genuflexions of the whole group at once, did not betray it. No works of art were presented on any part of the grand empire of the Sun, with the exception of these inimitable altars, which, after all, may have been provided in the beginning of time, by the same hand which fashioned all things.

Neither clouds, rain, hail, snow nor sleet is shown in the sun; even dews are not required to nourish the plants, for they draw from the clear fountain in which they keep root, all the elements of their natures without sunshine or moonlight: independently of all those ordinary sources of vitality, a mild light, emanating from no recognized point, is universally diffused, nor does it ever vary in strength or intensity; it is forever the same. The day is as eternal as all the other physical properties of the sun; for no night spreads a sombre darkness over the gilded landscape. Both the temperature of the climate and the loveliness

of nature in all her millions of multiplied forms, contributes to make man there, what he should be here—pure in heart, and elevated in character.

One government stretches its jurisdiction over the entire sun; and by analogy, therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that one language is universally spoken. Monarchy has no foothold in that great central world; a democracy therefore is the probable form. But the charm of the system arises from an exhibition of the fact, that one person is precisely as good as another, and to all intents and purposes just as capable of wielding the government as another. All are on the footing of equality; every individual knows his duty and is disposed to do it, by conforming to the requisitions of society, the civil and the moral law. Nor has one person a higher intellectual development than another. One is a complete pattern-card of the whole. Peace, good will, honesty, sobriety, and ardent, elevated affections characterize the Solarians, from one grand division of its geographical limits to another, however remote. There are no sterile regions, no waste ground; neither is there an imperfect or an imbecile intellect to be found. In a word, the whole condition of the mind, as there exhibited, shows its preparation for heaven. As

far as Mrs. Fox could discover, she forms the idea that the sun is in the order of heavenly residences, where the soul is refined, and the grossness of our nature so painfully shown on earth, has no sustenance there.*

* Because there is a plenty of spare room on this page, the author had a great mind to introduce a magnificent marginal note, by way of economising space. This sort of management shows tact in the writer, and a strict regard to the prevailing, canting, whining hypocrisy of the day, that

"A stitch in time,
Saves nine."

In other words, were it expressly declared in this place, that I entertain a most sovereign contempt for those little men in great shoes, who are constantly endeavoring to impress the world, that is the gaping admirers of goslin genius, that they have nothing but the present and everlasting good of their fellow mortals at heart, it would be understood why I have made use of expressions apparently wanting in reverence. The shameful license of demagogues, pedagogues and world-loving priests, who cloak their hypocritical ambition under the solemnities of devotional language, as,—"*If Heaven wills*"—"*Providence permitting*"—"*The good of your soul*"—"*Charity; dear charity*"—"*There is nothing abiding here but my principles &c.*" is now common over the whole country, and by copying this perverse style, sinful as it is inappropriate, on trifling occasions, only shows that the vulgarity of the age, like India Rubber Stock, has been widely diffused.

CHAPTER XII.

LOCAL LEARNING.

THE author about ready to return to his home in the country.—His law-suit brought to a close.—Mrs. Fox gratifies him with an evening promenade.—She attends a lecture at Amory Hall.—Sees nobody there but lank, toothless, husband-hunting old maids.—Sees a loaf of Graham bread for the first time.—By request, goes to a Free Inquiry Meeting in Summer Street.—Saw a man personifying the devil.—Felt a desire to take all the children found there, home, where they would have better examples.—Mrs. Fox makes judicious and sensible remarks on Sin.—Speaks decidedly well about snatching something.—Steps into the State Street Banks.—Sees a plenty of money there.—Says much to restore public confidence in the soundness of those institutions.—Intimates that the Directors, generally, are in hot water.—An uncomfortable condition.—Bad enough to be in cold.—Visits the Legislature.—Speaks of a former trip to Albany.—Criticisms on New York brokers.—Visit to Dr. Williams, the celebrated foreign occulist.—The author stops short for want of paper, but very handsomely invites the reader to look into a forth-coming volume.

THE law business upon which I had been long detained in Boston, having been brought to a

close, Mrs. Fox, although actually weary of sight-seeing, begged that her clairvoyance might be put in requisition again, if it could afford me any further gratification, before leaving the city. Considering that this, perhaps, might be the last opportunity in the course of my professional life, for experimenting in Animal Magnetism, her indulgence was acknowledged, and after the usual manipulations, *a la Bracket*, in presence of Mr. Fox, his daughters, a reverend gentleman from Pawtuxet, and a medical man who is distinguishing himself at Nashua for his success in putting factory girls to sleep in their looms,—a new order of inquiries were instituted.

When fairly magnetized, I put myself in magnetic communication with her;—"And now Madam, we will wander over the city this evening and ascertain what so many assemblies are about in the principal Halls; for I noticed on the way to Chesnut Street, that the sidewalks were thronged with people, who were branching off towards Amory Hall, the Artist's Gallery, and a famous banking institution in State Street."

Our first call was at Amory Hall, a beautiful apartment in the occupancy of various associations. I suppose it is hardly necessary to apprise the reader again, that neither of us left

Mrs. Fox's parlor, although her feet were in motion, as though we were actually promenading. Dogs sometimes are doubtless in a similar somnambulic condition, as they pant, paw and bark in their sleep precisely as they do in the chase.

When Mrs. Fox arrived at the east end of West Street, she hesitated a moment, looked up, as though searching for a sign, and after a little reflection, said "There must be great doings over head." "Well, madam," said the Nashua doctor, "here is a bill on the Commonwealth Bank, for paying the entrance fee." Fortunately, not being in communication with her, she did not hear what he said, and of this I was particularly glad, knowing how much she would have considered herself insulted. Only the day before, in a shopping excursion, she vainly attempted to purchase a spool of thread the whole length of Washington Street, as no one would take a single bill in her wallet, which happened to be of the Commonwealth, American, Kilby, Fulton, Franklin, Hancock and some other equally abused Banks.*

* It was the President of a Boston Bank, in the year of *our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight*, an era in history, considering the literary character of the

She expressed her surprise at the crowd of females who were urging their way up stairs ; " ten women to one man." Pretty soon, Mrs. Fox considered herself comfortably seated on a settee exactly before a short, square-built man, who had possession of the desk, who raved like one possessed of seven evil spirits. She was at first alarmed ; but, on looking about the room, she saw such a multitude of her own sex, that her fears subsided, being certain that if they could remain with an unchained maniac, with impunity, she certainly could—invisible to all but herself.

Mrs. Fox watched the ranting speaker with marked attention, to discover, by his wild contortions, if possible, what his object was ; for articulative language, however boisterous, gave no sound to her quiescent ears, unless she was put in magnetic communication.†

age, who ornamented his house with a *Portorico*, in front, and a *Pizarro* in the rear. For further particulars, how he could read,—how he could write, and how he was made a fool of by unprincipled scoundrels, for which, however, he was not morally guilty, consult the legislative committee on Banks. So much for the literary emporium in 1838!

† Only a very few, even when put in magnetic communication, seem to understand the advantages accruing

After watching the violent, shoulder-dislocating, sesawings of the person whom she verily began to imagine had just escaped from a mad-house, and wondering who he could be, and what he was saying to keep so many lank, pale-faced, toothless old maids fast in the seats three hours at a sitting, with an air of exultation, his light grey eyes protruding like sprouts on a chenango potato, the centre of attraction, the man in the pulpit finally held up a loaf of bread, which was whirled over and over, that all its surfaces might be seen, with as much activity as a juggler would play with a tumerous ball. With a fixed look of earnestness, a terribleness which nothing but a portrait of his own face can express, the broad top of the loaf was turned to the audience, with an assurance of manner which seemed to say, "Here is the staff of life; here is longevity; here are concentrated the laws of vitality; here is anti-indigestion; anti-all things; the elements of famine in the shape of a loaf," and

from it. Perhaps the scientific corps of the exploring expedition might throw some light on this subject, having been frequently magnetized by the Secretary of the Navy. It is now generally admitted that Governor Dickinson is an old woman in disguise, possessing the electrical properties of the gymnotus family of eels. In the spring he will have liberty to resume the petticoat again, in New-Jersey.

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Science of Life.

she read the stamped letters on the branny upper crust, as the clear gas-light fell npon it, "GRAHAM.—Admittance four-pence!"

Mrs. Fox, on retiring from the hall, expressed her pointed disgust at the exhibition. She did not recognize a *lady* in the group. Being near Summer Street, I besought her to step into a Gallery close by. She had no sooner entered than she recoiled at the sight of those whom she saw there. Old men, whose white hairs were the evidence of their proximity to the grave; women, who might be respectable, if they would flee from the pollution that is tainting them in the society of God-defying sinners, who go there to devise new modes of sowing the fruitful seeds of moral and physical corruption; and little children, training up for refined misery here, and, Mrs. Fox fears, for eternity, were gathered round a large, frosty-headed individual in a blue cloak, who presented to his deluded followers a somewhat favorable specimen of human physiognomy; but alas! this wretched imbecile looked but on a mask, which concealed from all eyes except those of Mrs. Fox, the hideous visage of the prince of darkness. Behind him, against the wall hung several portraits of his infernal majesty's ministers, disguised, however, by being la-

belled on the forehead "*Reason, Genius of Philosophy.*" *Thomas Paine, Frances Wright Durismont & Co.* This assembly were making preparations to celebrate the birth-day of that vile debauchee, that infamous wretch, that libel on virtue, *Paine.* Mrs. Fox repented of ever having seen the congregation of corruptionists, whose daily existence is prolonged through the sparing mercies of that benevolent, happiness-dispensing God, whom they meet together to curse. "But, O! the dreadful termination of such a life of imprecation," said Mrs. Fox. "I felt as though I could not refrain from snatching those innocent children, let into that rented hell for gradual initiation into vice, as I would have saved a casket of precious jewels from a burning."

These were the last words of Mrs. Fox concerning Free Inquirers.

The evening was advancing, and instead of being requested to return to either place in which she had been making clairvoyant investigations, we unanimously besought her to visit the cashier's room of certain banking offices in State Street. She was interested in several of them, as an owner of stock, and the condition of their vaults was worth attending to.

More than two hours sped their way over the

Free Enquiry.

clock-dial before Mrs. Fox would answer a question. Her heart beat prodigiously fast, and the perspiration trickled down her fair forehead copiously. "Well, husband," said she, "I am perfectly satisfied of the soundness of our Boston Banks. Why they have double the specie in the vaults that it is supposed they possess; the adroit managers of these important institutions are laying a deep and firm foundation for a banking stability, that can never be affected again by any concurrence of adverse circumstances, let the General Government exert itself as it may to crush our merchants. But I must confess that I was surprised at the vast amount of notes on hand which cannot be paid. Some of the directors are the debtors too; and I saw them casting interest upon paper, the principal of which they never calculate to liquidate. There will be sad overturning in property the present year. Many who keep their coaches will keep them at the expense of the widow and the orphan's tears; but their notes will never be paid—not because they are unable to do it, but because it is a species of fraud that society winks at, but dares not punish."

On the following morning, before the magnectic fluid infused into her system the prece-

ding evening, became wholly inoperative, she strolled in spirit into the house of representatives, where there was the external promise, apparently, of rational entertainment. To her amazement, however, a very few only, of the hundreds who were seated on the comfortable green cushions provided by the sergeant at arms, seemed to be impressed with the responsibilities devolving upon them in their legislative capacity. More than two thirds of the members were reading newspapers, pamphlets or letters, seemingly regardless of the character of the business before them. A portion of the remainder were constantly lounging from one place to another, to the annoyance, in most instances, of those upon whom they called;—and the last half of the unappropriated third, were constantly on the *qui vive* to get a chance to rise and say "Mr. Speaker,"—which is about all that one half of the speeches amount to in the course of a session.

While watching the modus operandi of parlimentary proceedings, which were singularly new to her, she noticed that two or three gentlemen contrived to speak on every subject, whether they knew any thing about the matter or not. One everlasting clatter of the tongue seem to

characterize them in a special manner from all the others. They are those who "*darken council by words, without knowledge.*" They were evidently quite exhausted by such unceasing pulmonary efforts, and yet they never allowed an opportunity to escape of having the last word.

Mrs. Fox felt an inward conviction that those everlasting talkers had no influence, whatever; and that the interests of the Commonwealth were positively neglected while these gabbling fungi are permitted to prate forever about nothing. She saw that the house was perfectly indifferent to their perpetual speeches. The speaker appeared so utterly spirit broken in being compelled to witness many horrible murders of the king's English, as she has been informed are committed without the fear of consequences to reputation, twenty times a day, that she had no desire to hear what was represented as being perfectly nauseating, by those who are the most competent judges.

Mrs. Fox feels assured, from a personal examination, that there is considerable room for improvement in the mode of managing things at the State House. For example, in the Origon territory, *more light* is wanted; and in Texas, more understanding. Speaking trumpets should

be procured at the expense of the treasury or * * * * * Esq. be seated on the gallery railing, by order of the committee on Insurance, to re-echo the lucid sentiments and to transmit by reflection, the coruscations of wit which now blazen and die in these lateral elevated appendages of Massachusetts legislation.

Unknown to her friends, having never divulged the fact before, she informed me that she had also inspected the legislature of New York, at Albany. There were more demi-members outside, than in,—with their pockets stuffed with multifarious projects for benefiting the people. But on reading some of them, for no envelope was proof against clairvoyance, she was ready to exclaim in the governor's ear—

> "The people have all patriots grown,
> They talk of public good and mean their own."

Brokers, principally from New York, were extremely numerous about the Capitol. Whenever one of them could nab a member by the button, he was sure to exhibit very cogent reasons for being listened to awhile. Whether certificates of stock were offered below par, or a plan by which the representative could escape the responsibilities which the law held, in ter-

rorem over the head of a manager of a mismanaged monied institution, was not clearly ascertained. Both occasionally gave evident indications of being in the utmost perplexity. She observed that the whole assembly were taking the Matchless Sanative, supposed to be an infalible remedy for all political disorders in the State.

She also made a survey of the operating room of a very celebrated foreign occulist, who succeeded in opening the eyes of the great potentates of Europe. Louis Philip is entirely indebted to him for that distinctness of vision with which he perceives the designs of those opposed to the aggrandizement of his royal household. Knowing something of this gentleman's wide-spreading philanthropy in the city of Boston, it was extremely pleasant to discover that his "*own purchased*" house in New York was the reward of disinterested benevolence. Mrs. Fox was not pained by the sight of blind processions, as in former seasons, grouping their way to the benefactor's residence. A perfect calm reigned within, and the doctor sat like a philosopher, over a tub of rain-water, filling small phials, labelled "SIGHT TO THE BLIND." "*Neither advice or medicine given by Dr. Williams, ex-occulist to the king of*

Brobdinag, without an advance fee of fifty dollars. Applicants cannot be admitted without a recommendation of some well-known clergyman."

Having learned that he is hourly expected to re-visit the metropolis of the north, the scene of his former meritorious exploits on the pur-blind optics of the suffering community, I indulge a hope that he will be received with that eclat which is due to such an illustrious character. Never was there a time when the people so much needed to have their eyes opened by a skilful hand, as at the present moment.

I was on the point of giving another paragraph on the principles of banking in Massachusetts, with a learned comment on the policy of the legislature, and what the General Court is called upon, by the threatening aspect of the times, to do, to save the Commonwealth, when I came abruptly to the bottom of the sheet, on which there was no room for a dissertation ; so the reader is respectfully referred to my next volume for a continuation of Mrs. Fox's discoveries, while under the unexplained influences of Animal Magnetism.

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